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ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.

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GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS ON ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE LIFE.

If we cast a glance at the immense quantity of animals and plants which live on the surface of our globe, we are at first struck with the variety of forms under which they present themselves, with their colors so diversified and sometimes so brilliant, and with the colossal proportions of some, as compared with the diminutiveness of others. But when, after this superficial examination, we study them more attentively; when we examine with care the structure of each being, we at once see the perfection which exists in the organs of each animal and plant, and how well they are adapted to their peculiar habits and mode of life—from the enormous whale, which requires an ocean to swim in, to those minute and myriad forms which find ample room for all their evolutions in a single drop of its waters; from the lofty tree which has stood for centuries, an ornament in the midst of the landscape, to the lowly flower which attracts us by its beauty and fragrance—all form a collection of objects whose framework is constructed in the most admirable manner, and whose vital manifestations are in the highest degree instructive and interesting.

At first sight, nothing would seem to be more widely different from each other, than an animal and a plant. How different is the tree from the bird singing on its branches, or the traveller resting beneath its shade. In the one instance, the organism is immovably fixed to the soil which gave it birth, and has neither the faculty of moving itself, nor that of manifesting pleasure or pain. The hatchet penetrates its tissues, and it falls without any external signs of suffering. But in the other cases, the organic beings are far more highly complicated. Endowed with the power of moving from place to place, having a will and desires, senses to apprise them of the character and qualities of external bodies, and

introducing food into their interior, where a special cavity is provided for its elaboration before it is employed in the nutrition of their organism. Plants have no such special receptacle in their interior. They live, as it were, in the midst of their food. It is furnished to them by nature in a condition fit for assimilation and circulation. They draw it at once from the earth by their roots, and from the atmosphere by their leaves. They therefore possess no special organs for its preparation. It would seem impossible that there could be anything in common between bodies so strikingly dissimilar in their organizations and habits.

But if we consider the vital phenomena manifested by animals and plants, we shall very soon see that there is abundant reason for believing that the difference between these organic productions of nature, is not so great as we at first thought.

In the first place, both the animal and plant spring invariably from a being perfectly similar to themselves, to which they adhere during a space of time more or less long, and from which they are finally separated at a determinate epoch, under the form of an egg or a seed, which, under envelopes, more or less resisting, encloses a germ. In this germ, all the organs of the adult animal and plant exist in a rudimentary undeveloped condition. Germination, or the act by which these organs disengage themselves from their envelopes, does not increase their number, but only augments their size or modifies their form. The seed contains the plant, and the egg the animal. Thus, they are alike at the commencement of their being. In the second place, the organs of plants and animals, the root, stem, and leaves of the former; the bones, muscles, and limbs of the latter; will not grow without a plentiful supply of food and air. In both instances it is absolutely necessary that the nutritive aliment should be introduced into

the interior of the plant or the animal, and be distributed to all the parts of their organization. Now the absorption, circulation and assimilation of food and air, by animals and plants, is in principle the same. In order to make this fact more apparent to the reader, we shall consider each of these acts in succession.

1. THE ABSORPTION OF FOOD.

Before food can enter the tissues of any organized being, whether animal or plant, it must be reduced to a fluid or gaseous condition. This is absolutely necessary in order to render it susceptible of being conveyed through the minute vessels and cells of which their substance consists. With reference to plants, no such reduction of their food to a gaseous or fluid state is required, because they live in the midst of it, and draw it, as we have seen, in a ready prepared state from the earth and atmosphere. But the food of animals is not furnished to them in a condition fit for circulation and assimilation. It comes into contact with their organs in a more or less solid state, and requires to be both procured and prepared by themselves before it can be assimilated. They are therefore provided with senses and organs of prehension which are most admirably adapted to their food, peculiar habits, and instincts, and with a stomach for its reception. Thus, at the very outset, the nutritive organs of animals are much more complicated than those of plants.

In man, whose wants are infinitely more numerous than those of the inferior creatures, the organs for the prehension and preparation of the food exist in the highest condition of development. He is provided with a hand which may justly be regarded as the most perfect of prehensile instruments. To the skilful use of this organ, under the guidance of reason, he owes his superiority over the other animals, whose anterior members are organized more for the support of their bodies, than for the seizure of objects. The other organs consist of an alimentary tube or canal, more or less dilated in its course through the body, having at its upper portion an opening called the mouth, which is provided with an appropriate arrangement of hard pieces, named teeth, for cutting and crushing the food, and of salivary glands for effecting its lubrication.

The food having been prepared and lubricated, descends into the stomach, where it is acted upon by the gastric juice secreted by the walls of that organ. This fluid, which is of an acid nature, re-acts on the alimentary mass, penetrates and softens, and finally changes it into a pulpy, homogenous, semi-fluid substance, named chyme. This operation terminated, the chyme passes through the pyloric valve of the stomach, into the duodenum, or commencement of the small intestines; here it is acted upon by the bile and pancreatic fluids, and in consequence of this new action, is changed into a fluid of a whitish color, called chyle, which, as soon as it is formed, is absorbed by the radicles of a special system of vessels named chyliferous vessels or lacteals, which meet each other, like

the roots of a tree, in one common trunk or vessel, about the size of a common quill, called the thoracic duct, which acts as the conduit of the chyle to its point of junction with the subclavian vein at the lower part of the neck, where it is poured into the torrent of the circulation.

The absorption of food into their organism by animals and plants, is therefore precisely the same in principle, with this difference, that there is super-added to the organism of animals a highly complicated organic apparatus for the prehension and preparation of the food before it is absorbed. The introduction of the food into the stomach or digestive cavity, is a voluntary act, and results from the exercise of the functions of animal life; its digestion and absorption when there, is wholly involuntary, and in fact proceeds without our consciousness. All these internal motions proceed from the operation of that life which we possess in common with plants. For the food, although introduced into the digestive cavity, is as much external to the living body, as the soil is external to the root and stem of plants, and it is not in reality introduced into the substance or tissues of the body and poured into the circulation, until it is removed from the digestive cavity by the radicles of the lacteal absorbents which line its walls; it is then that it enters the system of the animal, just as the nutritive matter is introduced into the organism of plants from the soil by the absorbents situated at their radical extremities.

2. THE CIRCULATION OF THE FOOD.

The course of the blood in man and the animals most nearly allied to him in organization, appears to be as follows:—The blood charged with the restorative materials of nutrition, is brought to each organ by the arteries and their numerous ramifications. It spreads itself in the tissues of these organs by a system of fine anastomosing vessels called capillary vessels. These capillaries not only cover the surface of the body and all its organs, but they penetrate their substance, conveying blood to every part of the fabric. It is in traversing these capillaries that the blood changes from scarlet to purple, in consequence of giving up its nutritive principles to the tissues. The blood leaves these capillaries by means of the veins, each of which formed by the union of several capillaries, collect and return the blood after it has traversed the organs of the body, conveying and reuniting into larger and larger vessels, like the roots of a tree or the sources of a river. In this manner the blood is again brought back to its original source, and poured into the right side of the heart, from whence it is driven into the lungs. There it is brought into immediate contact with the air absorbed during respiration, and, recovering its nutritive, its color again changes from a dark purple to its original bright red. From the lungs it is returned to the left side of the heart, from whence it is again driven into the aorta, and conveyed by its ramifications as before to all parts of the body.

Now, the nutrient fluid which circulates through the organic tissues of plants, exercises the same function in the vegetable that the blood does in the animal economy. Plants, however, possess no proper vessels within which a true circulation is maintained by the muscular action of a central propelling organ, or heart; and the sap of plants is not confined, like the blood of animals, to one set of vessels, for a general transfusion of the sap takes place from cell to cell *endosmotically* in every direction, so that the process is to be regarded as one of distribution as well as of circulation. Yet the mode in which the fluid is conveyed to the organs is the same in principle.

It is evident that the current of sap will be the most powerful where capillary influences most abound, and consequently that it will move, especially in their fibro-vascular system. This terminates in the leaves, where it takes a horizontal spread, and is attenuated into a plexus, or net-work of capillaries, which anastomose and communicate with each other in precisely the same manner as the capillary vessels situated on the surface and in the interior parts of the organs of the body. Now, it is in the leaves of plants that the sap undergoes those changes which enable it to subserve the purposes of nutrition. The capillary system of plants is therefore restricted to their leaves, whilst in animals it pervades every part of the body. The capillaries of vegetables are only temporary parts of their fabric, being put forward during the season of vegetable activity, and are not needed in winter, when vegetable life is torpid. The plant loses its capillaries when it becomes defoliated, the woody fasciculi, which form the newly-developed shoots at the extremities of the branches, alone remaining attached to the stem. There is no such cessation to growth and vital activity in the animal body, and therefore the capillaries form permanent parts of the fabric. It is through the influence of those leaves with which it is temporarily adorned, that its more solid and enduring parts, the stem and branches, are enabled to increase in size from year to year. The capillary system of plants is therefore the principal seat of these nutritive operations. In both plants and animals, it is manifest that it exercises the same function, and is directly associated with the nutrition of the other parts of the organism.

3. THE ASSIMILATION OF FOOD.

This process is the same in both animals and plants, if we consider, in the first place, the development of the more solid parts which constitute their skeleton, or frame-work.

The water which enters the roots of plants from the soil, is impregnated with various earthy matters necessary to their life and health. These earthy matters are deposited in the cells of plants, from the first period of germination, but not to any very great extent, until they have acquired their full developments. As this deposit forms on the cell-walls,

the cells acquire rigidity, and growth is necessarily arrested.

We have intimated that the capillary attraction of the fibro-vascular tissue of plants necessarily induces a flow of the sap through this portion of their system, and the constant evaporation which is going on in the leaves, tends to restrict the current to their channels.—Earthy matter, therefore, rapidly accumulates in the cells of the fibro-vascular system, and finally fills up their cavities, and obliterates their tubular character altogether. When this is the case, their vital activity ceases, and they exercise a purely mechanical function. The fibrous tissues, thus solidified, constitute the skeleton, or frame-work of the plant.

It is just the same with the animal. Earthy matter is deposited from the blood in some of the tissues of the animal body more abundantly than in others: in bone, for example, which thus becomes solid and hard, and peculiarly fitted to support the softer parts of the structure. Like the fibro-vascular system of plants, the osseous system of animals is the last to arrive at maturity, the process of ossification in the human skeleton not being complete until about the sixteenth or seventeenth year.

Bone is composed of animal and earthy matter; the former consists of gelatine, the latter of phosphate of lime. If bone be burnt in a clear fire for about fifteen minutes, the animal matter is destroyed, and the earthy matter remains as a white, brittle substance, the bone retaining its form. On the other hand, if bone be digested in muriatic acid for a few days, the earthy matter is entirely removed, and the animal matter remains as a tough, elastic substance, which can be bent in any direction.

In childhood and youth, the animal matter preponderates over the earthy. The gelatinous and flexible bones of the extremities of a child curve outwardly from this cause, as they are too weak to support the weight of the body, and sometimes become permanently deformed, if the child is neglected. As childhood ripens into youth, earthy matter is deposited in the bones, which acquire firmness and rigidity, and the extremities straighten. In manhood, their strength has arrived at its maximum development, and they are most admirably adapted not only to support the softer parts of the body, but to serve as a basis for the attachment of the muscles, which execute its movements.—Thus ossification in the animal is exactly the same thing as lignification in the plant; the vital processes in both consist in the deposition of earthy matter in certain parts of the organism, which by this means ultimately forms its basis or frame-work.

In the second place, the fibro-vascular system of plants, and the bones and blood-vessels of animals, are altogether subordinate in their function to the cells which lie in the interspaces amongst the meshes of the capillary network, since, in both instances, they serve to support the general fabric of the body, and also the mere physical purpose of transmitting the nutrient fluid to those cells. The cells of plants

and animals, which retain, in a great measure, or departs but slightly from their primitive form, and which are included amongst the meshes of the capillary in the leaves, and in the general substance of the organs of the body, are the true vegetable and animal laboratories, where the blood gives up its nutrient principles, and where the sap undergoes those changes which render it capable of ministering to the support of the plant. The sap is digested and aerated in the leaves, just as the food is changed first to chyme and then to chyle, in the stomach and intestines, before it is poured into the current of the circulation; respiration, in both instances, giving the finishing change to the sap, and rendering the chyle identical with the blood with which it is intermingled. The sap which ascends from the root, to be aerated in the leaves, is clearly in the same condition as the venous blood which descends to the lungs; and the blood which ascends in the arteries charged with nutriment which it conveys to all parts of the body, corresponds to the descending sap in plants which fulfils precisely the same function.

Lastly. That the process of assimilation in animal and plants, is the same, is proved by the selecting power exercised by the cells of their tissues. As the sap traverses the tissues of plants, its constituents are transmuted into an immense variety of products, such as chlorophyl, or the green substance which gives color to the leaves; chromule, or the fluid coloring matters, which give to flowers all their endless diversified hues, starch, gum, sugar, acids, fixed and volatile oils; and the blood of animals is subjected to a similar transmutation of its constituents into bile, saliva, tears, &c. The cells also separate from it various coloring matters, in the form of granules. It is this which produces all those rich and ever variegated hues which we observe in the plumage of birds, in the wings of butterflies and moths, and in the hair of different species of animals. The truth is, that the cells in both animals and plants act on the blood and sap in precisely the same way. The blood and sap are both laterally transfused through the walls of the capillaries into the cells, and each cell selects from it its own proper formative material. Thus, the pigmentary cells select the coloring matter of the blood, rejecting every thing else; the fat cells select the fatty matters, and in this way muscle is enabled to produce muscle, bone to generate bone, nerve to develop nerve; all drawing the appropriate materials from the same fluid. Just in the same manner some of the cells in the petals and leaves of plants select from the sap oil, others starch, others fluid coloring matters, &c., whilst the gelatinous interstratum of newly-formed cells, called cambium, generates in the stem, beds of the same nature as those with which it is in immediate contact, and is developed into ligneous and cortical fibre, wood producing wood, bark forming bark, the tissues preserving their cellular organization only in those portions which correspond to the medullary rays. Here, again, we see the operation of the same organic laws.

Life in animals consists in the exercise of four grand functions: nutrition and reproduction, which they possess in common with plants, and which constitute their vital or vegetative functions, and locomotility and sensibility, which are their special and distinct appendages, and which constitute their animality, properly so called. Now the plant is a beautifully simplified and highly instructive form of life, and teaches most clearly the nature of vegetative life in the animal.

The zoologists and botanists who devote all their time to the mere business of collecting species, of defining their external characters, and of forming systematic arrangements of them, undoubtedly perform a great and valuable service; but this is, after all, but a coarse outline of the natural history of any country. It is not sufficient to obtain specimens of natural history for the cabinet; we must look more deeply into the mysteries of their organization; we must study their physiology and the laws of their development. He who shall study botany, or any other branch of natural history, in this spirit, will not fail of becoming an original contributor to any department he undertakes. In the place of a narrow, circumscribed science, he will find an immense field, in which the commonest and most insignificant weed will furnish him with innumerable subjects for reflection and study.

DECEMBER.

FROM "SONGS OF THE MONTHS," BY CHARLES REECE FENBERTON.

The whispering foliage-song no more
Along the air is sweeping;
But, hush!—'twill chorus as before—
The spirit-leaves are sleeping;
December's breath awhile shall be
The cradle of their melody.

Tho' flow'rs not now their varied hues
In charmed union mingle,
Yet look—the eye more richly views
The flow'r in beauty single
And old December's smile shall be
The perfume tints' right blazonry.

Tho' warblers from the grove are gone,
Here's yet a joyous fellow;
For hark!—'tis Robin's song, no one
Was ever half so mellow.
And old December chirps to be
So welcom'd by that minstrelsy.

Tho' cold and storm-filled clouds career,
And o'er the casement darkle,
They make—turn round, the hearth is here—
The blaze more brightly sparkle.
December claps his hands in glee;
Most jovial round the hearth is he.

Then hail, December! let the soul,
The moments dark appearing,
Make bright,—for it can change the whole
To beauty rich and cheering.
Old guest to thoughts in harmony,
December ever welcome be.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A RICH MAN.

[We take this sketch, which purports to give a history of one day in the life of a rich man, from the Dollar Newspaper. His case is pretty strongly set forth—and will be likely to create for him a measure of sympathy.]

"There's a lady in the parlor," said Mark, the waiter, looking into the dining-room, where I was taking a first glance at the morning's news.

"Who is she?" I naturally inquired.

"Don't know, sir," answered Mark.

"Are you sure that it is me she wants, Mark?"

"O yes, sir. She said Mr. S., particularly."

"Very well; I'll be down in a moment."

After several fruitless conjectures as to who the stranger calling at so early an hour might be, I descended to the parlor.

The lady who arose to meet me, as I entered the room, did not look beyond thirty-five, though the fact, soon communicated, that she had a son in his twenty-first year, plainly enough marked her advance in life, some years beyond that number. Her face was even yet beautiful, and there was a hopeful light in her fine dark eyes, that fixed themselves upon my countenance with a kind of fascination. The dress of my visitor was neither elegant nor indicative of humble circumstances. Though plain in attire, everything about her showed that she was a woman of taste, and one used to moving in refined circles.

"Mr. S.—?" she said, even before I could mention my name.

I bowed—a little distantly, I must own, for I felt that my attractive visitor had some designs upon me—or my money, rather. I grow more and more suspicious of people every day. This, I own is bad; but I can't help it.

"You will think my visit a little singular and out of the way, no doubt," said the lady, after re-seating herself at my desire, "but"—and her smile broke out with a confident sweetness that was really subduing, while her pure toned voice veiled itself beneath a slight tissue of seriousness—"a mother will be pardoned, even should she trespass a little over the bounds of usage, when her end is to secure the good of her child."

I bowed again, and, I suppose, with a coldness that was felt by the lady; for I saw a faint shadow steal over her countenance.

"I am a widow, with an only son." What a touching eloquence was in the words and manner! Even my heart—hard as the world pronounces it—owned the subduing influence. "My husband—I will not yet mention his name—died ten years ago, leaving me a small income, on which I have managed to support and educate my son, who is now a young man in his twenty-first year, and, if a mother's partial love may be excused, without a fault. It is for his sake, Mr. S.—, that I now step out from the usual path, and venture, as an entire stranger, to approach you."

She paused, and looked into my face more

earnestly, but, as I now could see, with a diminished confidence. I was fortifying myself against an attack, and she did not fail to mark the preparations. I pitied her—there are readers who will smile at the thought of a rich man having pity for one, of whose request, even before it is known, he meditates refusal—because I saw that partial love for her son was leading her into expectations from me, that, in all probability, I would have to disappoint.

"Speak out frankly, madam," said I, still fortifying myself; "and you may depend upon my meeting you in a like spirit."

"My son has passed through college with distinguished honor."

I bowed.

"And what to a mother is a source of far higher satisfaction, with moral principles untainted by the ordeal of collegiate associations."

"Best of all," said I.

"For a year he has been reading law."

I bowed again.

"But," and the lady's voice grew serious, "for a young man of ambition and ardent purposes, who has neither money nor powerful friends, the law offers but discouraging prospects. He is despondent already, as he looks into the future."

"The first steps in the way of life," I answered, "are always difficult, and the first sure progress always slow. But everything depends on these first steps, by which the way to walk is learned."

"True," was replied. "But where the ability to ascend is inherent, and there are the active purpose and vigorous limb, why should the young feet linger in low and difficult ways?"

"They will not so linger," I said. "The active purpose and vigorous limb, of which you speak, will spurn the valley road, and early begin to ascend the mountain. But strength must be gained among the difficult ways below, before the upward paths may be tried with safety. But say on. In what can I be of service to you or your son?"

I partly anticipated the request which the lady had come to make, and felt a desire to meet it at once. She replied,

"My son has had an offer, which, if he can accept, will at once secure a fortune. But money is required."

"What is its nature?" I asked.

"I will state it to you in confidence." The lady lowered her voice and spoke earnestly.

"A particular friend of his owns a piece of ground on which a copper mine has been discovered; and this friend makes him the first offer of a participation in the benefits, if he can raise five thousand dollars as a capital with which to work the mine. My son has visited the mine, and says that the deposit is very rich, lies near the surface, and can be worked at a large profit. But he has neither money nor rich friends to aid him in the matter, and has given up the bright promise held so temptingly before his eyes. Poor boy! it distresses me to

see him. And it is hard—very hard—with such a golden opportunity before him—and his hands tied! He knows nothing of my present visit to you, Mr. S——, and I have come with little premeditation. Last evening I heard a lady speaking in warm terms of your generous regard for young men; how you had started several in business, who were now on the highroad to fortune. As I lay awake, thinking of my son, and grieving that I had not full hands to answer the impulses of my full heart, it flashed through my mind to call upon you, and frankly place the cause of my boy in your hands. It really seemed to me like a suggestion from Heaven; and, regarding it as such, I have overcome all natural reluctance, and called upon you this morning. Ah! sir, do not altogether disappoint the ardent hopes of a mother."

I knew something of copper mines and copper stocks, and of the chances to make money in such outside speculations. But, apart from the general unsubstantial character of such operations, I did not in the least feel it my duty as a rich man—so I am regarded, and with truth, as far as this world's rather troublesome goods are concerned—to help an impatient young student out of a profession in which he might become honored and useful, into a speculation in copper mines, where he might get rich by a kind of lottery accident, but was most likely to lose all I would advance him, and be thrown back upon his own talents by which to make his way in the world, not only discouraged, but unfitted for their due exercise. I try to open my ears to all the just appeals of benevolence—the difficulty of discrimination none know better than I do—but here was a case that neither touched my sympathies, nor appealed to me as an almoner of Him who has said, "The earth is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." So I answered without hesitation,

"My advice in the case, madam, is for your son to turn his thoughts away from all such alluring schemes of wealth, and in a spirit of manly self-dependence, conquer the future by the strength of an idomitable purpose. If he have ability to serve society, society will demand and reward his ability. If he needs the encouraging force of example, he may find it all around him. There are few eminent or wealthy men in the country, whose capital in the outset was anything more than you say he now possesses."

Poor, hopeful, sanguine mother! How sadly was she disappointed at my words. She had come with a golden promise in her heart; suddenly I had transmuted it into lead. Her veil fell, as if from an instinct in itself, over her face, and grasping it with a nervous motion, she drew the folds closer, so that I could not see the changed expression. At the same time she arose.

"Pardon my boldness," she said, with a sad humility of tone that went to my heart. Then slightly inclining her body, she turned from me, and had left the room ere I could say the words of encouragement for herself and son I was fain to utter.

I did not feel much pity for the young man. I never pity young men, no matter how much they may chafe at the disabilities by which they are environed, who have not the courage, independence, and the will to overcome. It does a young man, who is not willing to help himself in the sphere where Providence has placed him, no good to help him out of that sphere. They who would run with safety in the road to fortune, must first learn to walk firmly by themselves. At least this is my doctrine. Nobody helped me, until I had shown a disposition to help myself; and then the hand held out did not possess the strength my own had already acquired. There are weak ones in the world, who need to be supported by the strong; but the weakness of these is their claim to consideration. Let the naturally vigorous make their own way.

I could easily satisfy my reason with positions like these for my action in the present case. But reason and the heart do not always accord. The mother's profound disappointment, and the meek helplessness with which she bowed to the words that scattered her blossoming hopes to the wind, troubled my feelings. I was oppressed with a load I could not throw off, even though I made the effort by mentally uttered words of honest indignation against the unknown student, whose eager desire to achieve success in the world was leading him to seek the shorter paths to wealth, in which so many lose their way, and by which so few reach their Land of Promise.

I was about leaving the parlor, when the door-bell rang.

"What next?" I ejaculated, nervously. "Some new speculator on my unbounded wealth?"

Ah! me, this is a bad state for any one. I'm really getting afraid of my fellow men. Few approach me without awakening an unpleasant suspicion—without causing me to throw up a guard. Whose is the fault? Mine, or my neighbors'?

Ah! if I could clearly determine this question. I used to feel pleasure in meeting friend or stranger, and it was even a source of gratification to serve another's interests. Why am I so changed? Has money really made me more selfish? Or does my present state of feeling arise from an undue pressure from all sides? I wish this matter were settled to my own satisfaction. It troubles me.

I lingered in the parlor until Mark answered the bell. A man inquired for me. Mark left him standing in the vestibule, and came to the parlor door.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Only an Irishman."

"What does he want?"

"To see you."

"Very well. Show him in."

I felt worried. "Some new speculation on my purse," said I. But I added a mental reproof for the words. A moment after, and the slightly bent form of a man, whose thin, ashen face told a story of recent sickness, entered, and

completely disarmed me. He looked into my face with a subdued, appealing glance that touched my heart, and loosened the purse strings upon which usually I was compelled to hold a firm clasp.

"Well, my good friend," said I kindly, "what can I do for you this morning?"

"I've been sick, y'r honor." He hesitated, and I could see a flush of manly pride on his face.

"That is plain to perceive, my friend. Have you a family?"

"Yis, and please y'r honor—there's Biddy and the three chiltern."

"How long have you been sick?" I inquired. "Sax wakes; and not a stroke of work could I do in all that time. But I'd not mind it so much if they hadn't given my place to another hand."

"Couldn't wait for you to get well, I suppose?" said I.

"That was it, y'r honor. And now, when I'm on my feet again, there's not a stroke of work to be found."

"What is your name?" I asked.

"O'Neil, sir."

"Well, O'Neil, I suppose you want a little help. Your case is certainly a hard one."

"All I want is work, y'r honor—work," replied the Irishman quickly, and with an independence of manner that pleased me exceedingly. "I h'ard ye were going to hev some cellars digged in Marlon street; and I thought I'd see y'airly this mornin', and spake for a chance, if I may be so bould."

"But you are not able to handle the pick and spade, O'Neil."

"Maybe I'll be a little slow at first, y'r honor, on account of the wakeness; but strength will come, and I'll work the harder to make up the loss."

"Spoken like a man," said I, with a warmth of approval I could not repress. "I like that. If you are willing to work, O'Neil, I will see that your hands are not idle. - You know where my store is?"

"Yis, sir."

"Very well. Come and see me, to-day or to-morrow, and we'll arrange matters to our mutual satisfaction, I have no doubt. And if you are in want of a little money now, just say so."

"No, bless y'r honor's generous sowl! We've got five or six dollars left; for, you see, I'd saved up a little. It's the work I want."

"I like that better still, my friend," said I, approvingly. "Don't be uneasy about the work. I will see to that."

What a light had come into the man's pale face! His thanks were from the heart, and the tone in which they were uttered did me good. The balance of my mind was again restored; and as I walked along, half an hour afterwards, towards my store, thought was busy with plans for ameliorating the condition of the honest, industrious poor; and I had nearly resolved to send for a well-known architect, in order to consult him about the erection of a large building, provided with every modern convenience,

where the families of working men might live at half the cost of rent now imposed upon them, and yet have greatly increased comforts, when I arrived at my place of business.

Here I found a clerical gentleman and a certain pious layman awaiting my appearance. The minister I knew as a bigot, and the layman I had good reason to adjudge a hypocrite; for no man who is a sharper in business can be anything but a pretender in religion.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said I, buttoning my coat across my breast, although it was summer time. The movement was spontaneous.

"Good morning, Mr. S——." With what a bland formality, peculiar to the cloth, did my clerical visitor return my greeting.

"Mr. S——." How softly, like the tread of a cat, spoke my pious friend, the layman. A word or two about the weather and the times were added, and then the business on which the twain had called was laid before me. The minister, as best fitted for the office, was spokesman. He addressed me something after this fashion:

"Your high reputation for benevolence, Mr. S——," pah! if he could have seen how utterly I despised him for his shallow flattery—"must be our excuse for calling to-day. We come in the holy cause of missions, and on behalf of those unhappy souls still seated in spiritual darkness, while we are under the blaze of gospel light."

"In what part of the world?" I made inquiry.

"In all parts of the world outside of Christendom. Specifically, in our present purpose, Asia Minor," answered the clergyman.

"Among the Turks?"

"Yes, sir; among the benighted followers of the impostor, Mahomet." My interlocutor spoke with a grandiloquence of manner that so amused me that I could hardly suppress a smile.

"If you wish to raise a fund to pay a Mahometan to come here and preach honesty to Christians, I will subscribe liberally," said I.

The blank amazement that came into the clergyman's face at this speech was truly ludicrous. He was struck, for a time, dumb, and I took advantage of his silence to say,

"Let me tell you an anecdote that will make my meaning clearer. Not long since, a gentleman, travelling in Turkey, was surprised to find a shop for the sale of goods minus the owner, and with the prices marked upon all the articles. He noticed, also, a place where money was laid in open view, either left there by the owner for change, or deposited by purchasers. Meeting the shopkeeper some time afterwards, he said to him, 'Are you not afraid of being cheated, or having your goods stolen?' The Mussulman, half surprised, answered, confidently, 'O no; there are no Christians about here!' Now, sir, to such a people we send missionaries with a very poor grace. They may well discredit the value of doctrines we would teach them, when the lives of our own people are so far below their own moral standard."

"Oh, but my dear sir," interposed my lay friend, "dishonest people are only Christians in name. Their life cannot invalidate the purity of Gospel doctrine, which inculcates the highest morality."

"Among the two hundred and sixty millions of people in Europe and America who call themselves Christians, how many do you think are as honest as the Mussulmans?" I coolly inquired.

The answer was delayed. It was a question in figures that tried somewhat the mathematical skill of my visitors.

"Ten thousand?" I asked.

"Preposterous!" ejaculated the layman.

"I will be liberal," said I. "One million?"

I saw that they were taken quite aback by this mode of procedure on my part.

"A million honest men in all Christendom! I am astonished at the insinuation, Mr. S——."

"I own," I said a little maliciously, "that the estimate is exceedingly liberal. I should be loth to guarantee a tenth of the number. Still not to seem too illiberal, I will say one million, and make no deduction for the Pharisees, who are merely honest for the sake of reputation. Now, I will put it to you, gentlemen, if there is not something exceedingly ludicrous, not to say preposterous, in sending missionaries to Christianize Turkey, when there are two hundred and sixty millions of Christians at home, whose standard of morality is far below that of the Prophet's faithful followers? Isn't it St. Paul who says that, he who provides not for his own household is worse than an infidel? And do not we come under that condemnation, when we neglect the wants at home, and run, Quixote-like, all over the world for objects of charity? We do! Why, gentlemen, there is more soul-destroying evil committed in the city of New York in a single week, than in all Turkey in a dozen years! Send your missionaries there, and you'll be doing God service."

"Then you are not willing to aid us in the work we have undertaken?" said the clergyman, coldly. Not a vestige of that winning smile with which he greeted me, was on his face.

"Not to the amount of a farthing," was my firm answer.

"Good morning," said my visitors, speedily leaving my presence.

"A mere excuse," I overheard the clergyman remark to his friend.

"Is that really so?" I asked of myself, seriously, "or, in making the charge, has not my clerical friend borne false witness against his neighbor?"

I pondered this view of the case for some moments, and came to the self-approbating conclusion, that if any sin attached to either of the parties in this business, it clung to the clergyman's skirts, for a breach of one of the holy commandments, of which he assumed to be a commissioned expounder.

Freed from these early intruders upon my business hours, I laid my hand upon a small pile of letters, which a clerk had just brought

from the post-office, and was breaking the seal of one of them, when a junior partner came to me, and said,

"I'm sorry to tell you that Watkins let his note of five hundred dollars lie over yesterday."

"O, no; you must be in error," was my answer. "I lent him another note several days ago, that he might provide for this one. It was all a matter of accommodation on my part."

"Here's a notice of protest," said my partner; "and it's my opinion that he's going to swindle you out of the money."

"I can't believe that," was my confident reply. "Mr. Watkins would hardly turn rogue for the small sum of five hundred dollars."

"It may be a pretty large sum for him. At any rate, I saw the notary, and asked him if he had called on Watkins. He said that he had, and received for answer, that he couldn't lift the note—but that the endorser was perfectly good."

"He said that!"

"So the notary informs me. And I happen to have another item of intelligence that looks too directly in the same quarter. One of our clerks was taking a cup of tea at Newton's, last evening, when Watkins came in, accompanied by John Harwood, a crony of like stamp with himself, and sat down at a table near by. They commenced talking in low tones, quite earnestly, when William Jones—it was William—soon became aware that you, and the note due to you, were the subject of conversation. 'He's got money enough, more than he knows what to do with,' says Harwood, in a light manner. 'It will do him good to bleed him a little. He might die of plethora.' 'My sentiments exactly,' replied Watkins. 'All he's got to do in the matter, is to write an extra check for five hundred dollars, and that ends the chapter. It will only be a grain of sand from the bushel. The diminished weight even he cannot perceive. But five hundred dollars to me is a little fortune, so to speak. I'm sorry I had to do it, but necessity knows no law. The thing's done, and I don't mean to cry over it.' 'How the old fellow will chafe and fume,' said Harwood, smiling. 'I'd give a sixpence to see him when the protest is served.' Watkins chuckled at the remark. What further passed between them, William did not hear. But this is enough."

"Quite enough," I answered, in a husky, almost choking voice. "Have the note taken up this morning, and charge out the amount to me."

Was I troubled at the loss of a few hundred dollars? Did the sum abstracted from my wealth send a pang to my avaricious heart?—Heaven can witness in the negative. But I was troubled in spirit, and a pang did go through my heart. Watkins had no claims on me of any kind, beyond the claim of a man believed to be honest, and who needs assistance. He asked me for a note, under circumstances that awakened my sympathies; and I loaned it to him with a feeling of pleasure, because I felt that it would be a real accommodation. A few days before it was due, he called, and I let him have another note of five hundred dollars, that

he might get it discounted, and put himself in funds to take up the note he had given me in exchange for mine. The money for this note I knew he had received. But instead of lifting his note, he used the money for his own purposes, leaving me the loser, for having befriended him, of a thousand dollars; for the first note given him, as well as the second, that was to provide for the first, would have to be paid by me.

"When I do a kind act again, it will be good for the recipient," said I to myself, bitterly, and with firmly set teeth. Here was another heavy blow aimed at my confidence in my fellow men; and it grieved me to think, that another stone in the tottering fabric was removed. "Let others help themselves, as I have done," I continued mentally. Hereafter, I'll tell any man who comes to me for aid, to paddle his own canoe; and if he don't care to put out strength enough for the work, let him float down stream."

In this state of mind, I looked over my letters by the morning's mail, and was fortunate in not being interrupted by somebody on his particular business before getting through with the task. With a single exception, the letters were satisfactory; that exception was far from being so. It came from a customer in one of the neighboring towns, whose first bill of goods had fallen due, and who, in order to meet his note, had coolly drawn back upon us for six thousand dollars, two thirds of the whole sum. What made this particularly annoying, was the fact that the customer was an old schoolmate and friend of my family, who, taking advantage of the relation, had applied to our house for credit, and obtained what he asked, not because the house had confidence in his stability as a merchant, but because I was, in a manner, compelled to say, "Sell him what he wants." His letter was in a familiar, "of course" style; saying, among other things, that he felt free to take a liberty with an old friend which he would not venture upon with a stranger; and this the more freely in view of my ample means, that would enable me to extend the accommodation without feeling in the least annoyed thereby. (I will here add, in parenthesis, that, before his renewed obligation became due, my friend failed, and we lost the six thousand dollars.) I could do no better than accept the draft; though it was done with a very bad grace. On the spur of the moment, I wrote him a very sharp letter; but, after cooling off a little, tore it into shreds, and contented myself with a moody silence. But I was soured for the rest of the day by this and the rascally conduct of Watkins.

"Mr. Farley wants us to extend a portion of his note that falls due to-day," said one of my partners, while I yet sat brooding over these unfortunate occurrences. "He says that business has been unusually dull, and that he finds himself unable to meet all his maturing paper without sacrifices that it would be imprudent to make."

"Just say to Mr. Farley," I spoke positively, "that he must take up his note, or let it lie

over, as best suits himself. When a man gives a note, he ought to be pretty sure he can lift it when due. It will teach him to be more careful in buying, hereafter."

I saw that my partner was inclined to favor the young man; but my peremptory way of speaking foreclosed the matter, and he left me. He had been gone scarcely a moment, before I regretted the hasty decision; but having spoken positively, I did not feel disposed to retract.

"What did Farley say?" I inquired of my partner, an hour afterwards.

"He seemed very much disappointed; but said he would manage to get through."

"How much did he want extended?"

"Only two hundred dollars on a note of six hundred."

"Oh, well; send him up a check for the sum he wants, and get a new note with interest added. He's a clever young man, and attends to his business."

To this my partner assented with visible pleasure. I felt better for this act of clemency. In fact, it always does me good to confer a benefit. The great trouble is, to discriminate between the speculators on my purse and the honorable man who really needs, and who will not abuse, my favor. I may have been unfortunate, or blindly indiscriminating, but it is yet true, that of the latter class only a small number have yet approached me. This may be owing, in some measure, to the fact, that truly honorable minds are sensitive and independent, and will rather bear the disabilities of their position than ask a favor, or contract an obligation. But, be the cause what it may, in four cases out of five, wherein I have conferred benefits upon others, I have been turned upon with a base ingratitude that has galled me sorely, and, in too many instances, so deadened my better impulses, as to make me neglect heaven-sent opportunities for laying up treasure where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

A large fire had occurred in a neighboring city, consuming a number of houses occupied by poor persons, who had lost their all. At a sympathy meeting held on the day before, ward committees were appointed to take up a collection for the sufferers. The committee in my ward called in about ten o'clock, and laid their subscription paper before me. It was blank.

"We expect you to lead off handsomely," said one of the gentlemen. "Our ward is the richest in the city, and we mean to poll the largest sum. We are a little ambitious, you see. Set your fellow-merchants a good example, Mr. S—, and the task will be a light one."

Now, I did not like this. I never do anything for display, nor am I governed in what I do by the example of others. What I give I try to give from right motives. I thought for a moment, hurriedly, and then took my pen and wrote down \$100.

"We had expected \$1000 from you!" said the spokesman of the committee, in a disappointed tone.

"You had no right to expect that, or any

other specific sum," I answered, coldly. "Every man should be left free to do according to the dictates of his own heart."

"Oh, of course!—of course!" said both the gentlemen, "All right! All right!" And they tried to look very pleasant, as they turned to go. But the effort was a failure.

I was fretted again. From my heart a little rill of human kindness had gushed forth, but the waters were already dashed with bitterness.

"Can you lend us a thousand dollars to-day?"

I looked up at the individual making this request, with a frown on my brow. The frown was resting there before he came in, and there was no magic in his words to dispel it. I shook my head firmly.

"Five hundred?"

"Not a dollar to spare—drawn on unexpectedly—several thousand to make up for the day's payments."

If there had been a balance to our credit in bank of fifty thousand dollars, I would not have trusted this person with a loan; for I knew enough of his business to be satisfied that a failure might take place any day. He was neither a good merchant, nor an honest man. Yet, in denying him, I only stated what was literally true. He shrugged his shoulders, arched his eyebrows, and looked impudently incredulous, as he answered,

"Sorry I can't help you out, Mr. S——. Good morning."

I turned to my desk, without taking the trouble to make even a response to his "good morning."

"Please, sir, and won't you bestow a little charity?"

A stout beggar woman had found her way back to my private counting-room, and now stood before me, with her face deeply veiled in a mantle of affected distress.

"No!" was my stern, impulsive answer, and I threw upon her a look as dark as midnight. "Go home and go to work."

"Ye needn't take a body's head off," said the woman, her whole manner changing, and her stout form springing up from its bent attitude, while a fiery flush spread itself over her sensual face. "Maybe ye'll see the day, God willing, when ye'll be fain to ask for charity yourself, you stingy old sinner! I'll remember you."

"Be off with you this instant!" I was very angry—foolish enough for it—or I'll have you sent to the House of Correction."

"Where is that, y'r honor," coolly retorted my visitor, not moving an inch.

"John!" I called to the porter, who was standing just outside of the counting-room door.

"Sir!" John presented himself at the word.

"Just step over to the police station and ask the Marshal to send an officer to take this woman before the Mayor. And, as you go out, tell Mathew to see that she doesn't get away before you return."

This was effective. With an exclamation of alarm, the beggar started off, and a moment after was out of sight.

"I wonder what next?" said I, as John, with an amused chuckle, withdrew from my presence. Not very long was I in doubt. Two ladies now presented themselves. I saw from their manner and expression before a word was said, that I was, so to speak, cornered. That whatever they asked I must give. In fact, they were wives of fellow-merchants; members of the same church, and visiting friends of Mrs. S——.

A few smiling preliminaries were disposed of—each of the parties in the case acting, with as much skill as possible, an assumed character—and one of the ladies opened her business, by saying,—

"I need not tell you, Mr. S——, that our church is dreadfully out of repair; is, in fact, a disgrace to the congregation—one of the wealthiest in the city. Now, we ladies, seeing that you gentlemen are all too much absorbed in business to attend to anything else, have taken the matter in hand, and are going to do what is right. There must be a new front, a new pulpit, and a new organ, besides a thorough renovation of the interior, and the addition of a gallery for the Sunday School children. You will see, as I said, that we are going to do the thing right."

"What will all this cost?" I asked, for my mind was already reaching forward and speculating on the rate of assessment to which I was about being subjected.

"Not less than ten thousand dollars!" was the graceful and smiling answer.

"A pretty large sum to raise," said I.

"It sounds large; but, divided among a number of our wealthiest members, will sit lightly on each. Our plan, Mr. S——, is this: to get twenty of our richest men in the church to subscribe five hundred dollars each, and the thing is done. You will see how far we have already progressed."

A book was now displayed, in which, greatly to my surprise, stood, first, the name of our minister, as a subscriber to this fund, of \$500. The names of the ladies' husbands followed, each donors of a like sum.

I did not hesitate to express my astonishment at the first entry. The salary of Mr. H——, our minister, was too small for the right maintenance and education of his family, and, in view of this fact, I had only a day or two back been thinking of sending him a check for a couple of hundred dollars.

"Mr. H—— is unjust to himself," said I.—"He can't afford to pay five hundred dollars for this purpose."

"Of course not," said one of my lady visitors, in her smiling way. "But don't you understand, Mr. S——?"

"I understand that our minister has put his name down here for five hundred dollars, and that he means, of course, to tax himself that large sum, in order that the church may undergo extensive repairs."

"Oh, that'll be all taken care of. Mr. H—— will be none the poorer for these repairs and alterations. The vestry will see to that. My husband is a vestryman, you know, and it was

through him that Mr. H—— put down his name. Of course, his subscription won't be collected."

"Won't be collected? I don't clearly understand you, madam," I said.

"You know the force of example," replied the lady, now gravely proceeding to enlighten me.

"Of course." And I bowed in affirmation.

"It was all settled in the vestry—this in confidence to you—that Mr. H—— should lead the subscription with \$500. Of course, if he, with his moderate income, is willing to act with such generous self-denial for the sake of the church, no wealthy member of the congregation who may be appealed to, can hesitate about giving as large a sum."

"I see," said I, as a flood of light broke in upon my mind. "The scheme is certainly ingenious. But that won't lessen the burden to Mr. H——. He can't afford one hundred dollars, much less five hundred."

"Oh, but didn't I just say that his subscription wouldn't be collected?"

"Ah! true. But does he understand that?"

"Oh, certainly—certainly! My husband saw him, and had a long talk on the subject. At first, Mr. H—— declined putting down his name; but after my husband had explained the whole operation of the plan, and how it would increase the congregation, and, in consequence, the income of the church, thus enabling the vestry to increase his salary, he consented. But it was a distinctly understood thing, that the subscription was only nominal, to induce others to come in, and would not be collected. In fact, a written pledge was given to Mr. H——, that he would not be called upon. So, you see how nicely it is all arranged."

"It is, verily," said I; "and I must give the vestry credit for uncommon sagacity."

"Of course we shall have your name to the list of twenty?"

"I rather think not," was my answer.

The ladies looked blank with astonishment.

"You're not in earnest, certainly," said they.

"Never more so in my life. In merely worldly affairs, I would not lend my countenance to a scheme of deception like this—how much less where religion is concerned."

"If there is any deception about the matter, it is of a very harmless kind," was answered, "and perfectly justifiable in the present case. People all need some stimulant to action.—There must be emulation in good works, or good works will rarely be done. With Mr. H——'s name at the head of our subscription list, as one of the twenty who subscribe five hundred dollars each, the completion of the list is certain—without it, the whole matter is of doubtful accomplishment."

"Better, a thousand times, it be not accomplished, than that all principles of honor and integrity be violated. To speak out just what I think, Mr. H. has *acted a lie*; and *acted* lies are of the worst kind, for they involve a deliberate purpose to deceive."

My visitors looked almost horror-stricken at this bold allegation.

"It is bad enough," I went on, "to lie and deceive in worldly matters. Honest merchants put a black mark on all men who do it, and hold them in deserved reprobation; but when it comes to lying and deceiving in matters pertaining to the church, it is terrible. Here, if anywhere, all things should be honorable and of good report. If the sanctuary be not pure, where are we to look for the undefiled places? The trickster in trade is bad enough, but the clerical trickster is beneath contempt. Ladies!" —I had grown quite warm, as the reader may infer—"I have heard Mr. H—— deliver his last sermon. It will never do me any good to sit under his ministrations; for, no matter what he might say, I could think of nothing else but his pretended subscription of five hundred dollars. He is only a finger-post pointing to heaven—not a step does he take himself in that direction. I have sometimes thought this before; now all my worst suspicions are confirmed."

"That is talking rather hard," said one of the ladies, with something of indignation against me in her tones.

"Come!" said the other, partly turning away.

"I, for one, cannot remain an instant longer, and hear so good a man as our minister slandered after this fashion."

"By his own act judge him," I answered. "A pure fountain cannot send forth such bitter water."

"I'm afraid, Mr. S——," one of the ladies now turned upon me with a flushed face and flashing eyes—she was indignant beyond self-control—"that you are only searching for a good excuse to save five hundred dollars. You speak with exceeding plainness of an absent friend, who is permitted no chance of justification; I speak plainly to your face, sir. It would have been more Christian-like and manly to have simply declined the subscription. But to cover your unwillingness to give a mere trifle of your immense wealth for church purposes, you throw up a breastwork of slanderous charges against your minister. I, for one, held you in higher estimation. Good morning, sir! If love of money so corrupt the heart, I gravely fear you will find a mill-stone about your neck, when you take that fearful plunge into eternity, appointed for every one. Good morning, sir!" And the ladies retired.

I received the storm passively, so far as any agitation on the surface was concerned. But the reader mistakes my character, if he supposes there was no deep disturbance within.—I was profoundly agitated. Apart from the mean and unjust charge so unhesitatingly brought against me—and I am sensitive to such things—there was the breaking up and scattering to the winds of all respect for a clergyman in whom I had reposed some confidence—a clergyman who had baptised two of my children, and spoken in my ears words of consolation when I looked down into the dark grave that was hiding from me the almost idolized form of a daughter just on the verge of womanhood—a clergyman to whom my family was

strongly attached. I was not much surprised at the vestrymen's conduct; for most of them were men of the world, who were trying to get to heaven—not by the denial in themselves of worldly and selfish affections—but through pious Sabbath observances, and an occasional activity in the secular business of the church. They were mere Pharisees. But, from our minister I had looked for something better. It made me sad to think that he would defile the beautiful garments of his profession by dragging them in the mire and dirt of carnal deceit.—Alas! alas! How few of these men do really honor their high profession. It is related of the pure-minded Swedenborg, against whom so many clergymen think they may with safety let fly their arrows of detraction, that after writing one of his works in Latin, he made the journey from Stockholm to Paris, in order to get it published in the latter city. On account of some law affecting foreign authors, he was not permitted to do so; but was informed that if he would have the Amsterdam imprint in the title-page, a common usage among publishers in similar cases, he could have the work issued in Paris. But the good man would not consent to anything that *seemed* like deception; and so made a farther journey to London, where his work was printed. I have often thought of this incident, when observing the readiness with which many of our clergymen act in the common usages of the world, some of which cannot be justified on the higher ground of morality, to say nothing of the precepts of religion.

But I am dwelling too long on this incident. Its subsequent effects were not good. I never again attended the preaching of Mr. H——. I could not. My family were attached to him, and made many excuses for his conduct. I did not think it right to interfere with them; and I was rather pleased than otherwise, that my wife continued in regular attendance, with the children, for I knew that they would hear many truths taught, and be led into the affection of things good and holy. As for myself, I could not go; nor was there any other church towards which I felt drawn. So I remained at home, or walked out during church hours. The scheme proposed was carried out. In due time, the ten thousand dollar repairs were made; but at a cost, outside of the money expended, that I shall always think beyond estimate; the cost of truth and honor.

Compelled to make some financial arrangements for the day, and to attend to some other business, I was absent from the store during the next two hours, and fortunately saved the annoyance of three or four calls for special purposes, made in my absence. But, after my return, the harpies were after me again. First, I was called upon for a subscription to the stock of a line of Southern steamers, that must be sustained by the merchants, and which, it is well understood, would scarcely be made to pay. The matter was in the hands of certain prominent men, who talked eloquently of Philadelphia interests, and the great value of steam communication with the South. I subscribed

for three thousand dollars of the stock, and thought I was doing pretty liberally. There was a difference of opinion, however, as I could plainly see, between myself and the gentlemen soliciting the subscription. They had gauged my ability, and considered me "good for at least five or six thousand." We separated, neither party entirely satisfied with the other. I had agreed to put three thousand dollars into unproductive stock, liable to be all sunk, and had not the poor satisfaction even of thinking that I had been liberal.

Next came a solicitor for a public charity that will be nameless. I gave fifty dollars, cheerfully, as I felt in duty bound. Alas for the result so far as I was concerned.

"We hoped that you would have felt moved to greater liberality," said the smooth-faced individual to whom I handed a check for the amount. "The matter is one of vital importance."

I looked at him, without speaking, so sternly, that he became confused, stammered an incoherent apology, and hastily retired.

"I'll stop giving," said I, impatiently. "I'll say no to the first beggar who comes along.—What do the people mean? Am I not to be judge of my own ability to give? Is my conscience, in charity, to be regulated by another's imaginary estimate of what I ought to bestow?"

As I spoke thus my eyes fell upon a brief paragraph in a morning's paper, calling upon the charitable to aid a poor family, the head of which had received a dreadful injury from the fall of a building. They were in great destitution. I felt the appeal as made to me, and I was moved by a vivid picture of the unhappy family, suddenly conjured up before my imagination. I cannot describe the pleasure it gave me to enclose, anonymously, to the editor of the paper, a hundred dollars, to be given to these needy ones. The act seemed to restore the balance of my mind. I was conscious of a deep, interior satisfaction, such as I had not experienced all day.

Shall I go on, in detail, with the various speculations made upon my purse, and the urgent appeals to my benevolence that assailed me—I use the word assail as most expressive of my meaning—during the remainder of this one day in the history of my life? It would only weary you, indulgent reader. Enough has been said, to enable you to comprehend my position, and to award me some small portion of sympathy. Sympathy for a rich man! It sounds strange, doesn't it? But you have no conception—you who never were rich in this world's goods—how pertinaciously we are assailed and speculated upon from all quarters. I sometimes liken myself to a man in a southern swamp, set upon by mosquitoes. Why, if I did not constantly swing my arms about, and drive off the swarm, I wouldn't, in a week, have a drop of blood in my veins—money in my pockets, I mean. By carefulness, industry, and intense devotion of myself to business, through a long series of years, I have accumulated a fortune, the use of which I think myself fairly entitled to, and in

the distribution of which, I am bold to say, my own judgment is a legitimate guide. But any lazy fellow, who desires to have the reward of labor, without the toil and sweat, thinks me a "selfish old hulk," if I won't let him thrust his hand into my purse, just as deep as he pleases; and every man, who cherishes some particular scheme of benevolence, hesitates not to consign me to the lower regions, if I do not deal out to him as much money as he thinks I am able to give.

The worst feature in the whole case is, that I am not left free to cultivate generous impulses. Thousands of dollars are yearly drawn from me, that, in going forth, bless not the giver; and, I'm afraid, the receiver quite as little. "How hardly shall a rich man enter the kingdom of heaven." Ah! there is a fearful significance in the words, that none comprehend so well as the rich man himself. We are made suspicious, when we desire to trust and confide; and we are much oftener approached by the bold speculator on our purse, than by the manly and unselfish. Too often, the money we would have given freely, and given wisely, too, is extracted from us under a pressure we are unable to resist, and diverted into channels where it is soon absorbed into the unfruitful sand.

Many and many a good purpose has been suddenly extinguished in my heart from causes such as these. I wrap myself up in a mantle, and shut the door of my heart, and say, "Let the world take care of itself. I've made my money honestly, fairly—let others do the same. The sin of covetousness is quite as soul-destroying as that of avarice, which men charge upon me—falsely charge, I trust. If I do a good deed, it is misunderstood—if I act generously, some sinister end is imputed. Men do not give me credit for even a single noble, unselfish impulse. But they will get my money, if they can. It has hardened my heart, they say; but they are not afraid of its influence on their own!—oh, no—oh, no!"

But this is all bad, I know, and I condemn and try to rise above such states; for, strange as the assertion may appear, I really wish to live such a life in this world, as will make me sure of a place in heaven.

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven!" I hear some disappointed experimenter on my purse say, with a grin of satisfaction at the thought.

The passage, my good sir, let me tell you, will be none the easier to me for your action in the case; for you have only injured my state, by making me suspicious of all men, in the natural effort to protect myself against a scheming villain like yourself.

But enough.

COMMON SENSE.—*Anglice*.—In the verity of the English meaning—worldly mindedness, and attention to money getting.

MORALITY.—In the practice of society, morality is fiction. One thing is *told*, but its opposite is *taught*.

"THERE CAME AN ANGEL TO MY HOME."

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

The frost had spoiled the flowers that wove
Their wreaths about my cot;
But could not chill the bloom of love,
The flower that fadeth not.
And though the autumn winds had left
The clustering vines apart,
The birds that nested there had left
Their songs within my heart.
But ere the flowers returned to bloom,
Know ye the blessing given?
There came an angel to my home;
The fairest out of Heaven.

A blessed sprite, with wings concealed,
And some forgotten name;
And eyes whose holy depths revealed,
The Eden whence she came.
Ah me! the birds have never tried
Such songs as charmed my ear;
The common sunshine dimmed beside
This sunshine, doubly dear.
What cared I then that wealth should come,
Or fame or friends be given?
There dwelt an angel in my home;
The fairest out of Heaven.

A tiny, dimpled form of grace,
A footfall here and there,
And kisses gushing o'er my face,
And through the glowing air.
And now, when o'er the cottage floor
The common sunshine streams,
The form she wore, is there once more,
She dwelleth in my dreams.
For ere the second summer's bloom
Its fragrant freight had given,
There went an angel from my home,
An angel, back to Heaven.

Ah me! she was an angel blest,
Too bright for earth to claim;
A tomb of love is in my breast,
O'er written with her name;
A memory of exceeding bliss,
A yearning, crushing pain;
A searching thought of happiness,
That will not come again.
Methinks those hearts are nearer home,
That have such lessons given;
She sees no shadows in the tomb
Who hath a child in Heaven.

FUTILITY OF GRIEF.—There is many a loss, over which we all know for certain that we shall no longer grieve in twenty—ten—two years. Why do we not say to ourselves, I will at once, then, to-day throw away an opinion which I shall abandon in twenty years? Why should I be able to abandon errors of twenty years' standing, and not of twenty hours?—[*Richter*.]

JUSTIFIABLE SORROW.—But be one sorrow alone forgiven thee, or made good to thee—the sorrow for thy dead ones—for this sweet sorrow for the loss is itself but another form of consolation. When the heart is full of longing for them, it is but another mode of continuing to love them, and we shed tears as well when we think of their departure, as when we picture to ourselves our joyful re-union—and the tears, methinks, differ not.—[*Ibid*.]

CUTTING AN OLD FRIEND.

Many years ago, the good ship "Cleopatra" arrived in Baltimore, with a hundred steerage passengers from the Emerald Isle. Among the number were two young men from Tyrone, who had married just on the eve of sailing, and had come with their buxom brides to seek their fortunes in America. The latter had grown up side by side from girlhood, and were intimate as sisters. The former were no less intimate and attached to each other.

The names of these adventurers were Terence Leary and his wife Margaret, and Andy O'Shane and his wife Biddy, or Bridget. The first idea of coming to America had been suggested by Leary, who was a quick, intelligent young man, and had conceived the notion that a fortune was to be made in the new country across the Atlantic, from which ever and anon were coming the most inspiring intelligence to the enterprising and ambitious. He had been during two or three years gardener for an Irish gentleman, in whose family Maggy, his wife, had for sometime acted as waiting maid. O'Shane was a draper's clerk; he had been better educated than Leary, both as regards school and home education; and the same could be said of Bridget in comparing her with Margaret. Notwithstanding this, the young men and their wives, as has been said, were intimate friends, and when the matter of going to America was decided upon by Leary and Maggy, O'Shane and Biddy were not long in making up their minds to go with them.

After settling for their passage and entering the vessel in which they were to sail, their joint wealth consisted of but twenty sovereigns. This was to be the basis of their fortunes in the New World. Leary, who was a great deal more talkative than his friend, had a great deal to say about what they should do in America. He proposed that they should unite their interests and stand by each other in good or evil fortune.

"Heaven knows, Andy," he would sometimes say, "that I'd divide me last crust, with ye, any day. And Maggy has the same feelin' for Biddy, bless her sweet soul!"

To expressions of this kind the more thoughtful and reserved, but equally warm hearted Andy would reply, that while he could lift a hand or earn a penny the friends of his early years should be as the members of his own household.

With such feelings, and in mutual confidence, the young emigrants landed in Baltimore, where they soon made the acquaintance of some of their own countrymen, and gained a little information in regard to business and the prospect before them. Neither of these were found to be very encouraging. Leary was the first who obtained employment; it was in the capacity of laborer in digging out cellars and foundations for houses about being erected. This was several weeks after their arrival, and when their few sovereigns had become much fewer than when they set their foot in a land of strangers.

It was some time after this before O'Shane got any thing to do, and this was not until he had seen nearly his last farthing. During the discouraging period that elapsed between the finding of work by Leary and the getting of employment by O'Shane, not a word was said by the former, who had become very reserved towards O'Shane, about dividing his last crust with him and Biddy.

A single sovereign remained of the ten which made up the entire wealth of O'Shane when he landed in the United States, and his chances of getting something to do seemed no better than at first. This sovereign he determined to invest in sundry small wares, and try what he could do in peddling them about from house to house. In this he was more successful than he expected; his profits were, from the first, enough to meet his small expenses, and afterwards to gradually increase his stock in trade, which, from being only the value of a sovereign at first, was in the course of a few months, worth many sovereigns.

The digging of cellars was hard work, much harder than attending to a gentleman's garden, and Leary, as soon as he saw that O'Shane was doing very well at peddling, became so much dissatisfied with his employment that he determined to give it up and try what he could do with the "pack." He had nearly five sovereigns laid by, and was about investing these, under the advice of his friend O'Shane, in goods suitable for the trade of a peripatetic dealer, when he was taken sick, and lay ill for some weeks. His expenses and doctor's bill, during this time, took away all of his little capital, and he was about returning with a soured spirit to his spade and mattock, when O'Shane generously offered to loan him enough to make a fair start as a peddler. With grateful feelings this kind tender was accepted.

The interest of the two young men being now more really united than they had yet been, and as both were required to be much from home, a small house was taken between them, and their families united, in order to lessen expense. This arrangement continued for about a year and a half, during which period both Leary and O'Shane reaped a very fair harvest on their labors. At the end of this time, the former, having saved about three hundred dollars, laid by his pack and opened a "grocery and liquor store." About the same time a situation at the South, with a very fair salary, was offered to O'Shane, and accepted by him. At this point, the ways by which the two friends were to travel in the world, diverged. They parted with many sincere expressions of friendship, and mutual pledges to aid each other in any future extremities, if the power to do so remained.

With three hundred dollars, shrewdness, industry, and economy in personal and family expenses, success in the "grocery and liquor" business was a thing certain. Six years from

the day Leary put up his sign, he sold out his shop and commenced the business of a wholesale dealer in groceries in general, but rum and whiskey in particular, on Bowley's wharf. He was then worth some ten or fifteen thousand dollars, and deemed it but due to his increased importance as a merchant, to assume a style of living rather more imposing than the back rooms and second stories of a grog shop. But even in gratifying his pride, Leary was cautious not to put the main chance in jeopardy. A house at four hundred dollars rent, and five or six hundred dollars laid out in parlor and some additional chamber furniture, covered the length and breadth of his extravagance at this era of his history. During the whole of this period, he had heard nothing from O'Shane, except that on his arrival at Charleston, the place of his destination, he had found all as had been represented to him, and that the situation he had accepted would enable him, if he kept his health, to lay up some little.

The change that had passed over Terence Leary in ten years was quite remarkable. When he landed from the "Cleopatra," he was a fair specimen of a rough, healthy, coarse, young Irishman, and retained this appearance until he got behind his own counter, at which time a gradual process of transformation commenced. The corduroy trousers gave way to cassinet pants, the coarse roundabout to a long-tailed coat, and the seal-skin cap to a black beaver with a shining surface; the stout, well greased brogans that had carried him many a mile, over rough roads as well as smooth ones, were thrown aside, and boots, well blacked, worn in their stead; they were the first blacked boots that had ever covered his feet. In this new dress, Leary, at first, scarcely knew himself, but he was not long in forgetting that he had ever worn any garments of inferior quality. The constant attendance upon customers, with the necessity of handling himself all the various commodities which he had to sell, prevented Leary from making any further material alterations in his every-day external appearance, until he ceased to be a retail dealer, and wrote himself "a merchant." At this period, the change in the man was very apparent. He stood at least two inches higher; the reason was, his chin had become elevated precisely that much further above the point where the collar bones rest against the sternum. He shaved, or was shaved every morning; there was a time when once or twice a week was deemed sufficient. His linen was faultless, and renewed every morning; his black coat and pants guiltless of every sign of hard service.

A few years more, and Terence Leary, Esq., was a man of wealth, standing, and importance—one of "the first merchants" in the city. A porter, laboring man, or clerk, was now treated by him more like a dog than a human being. He had no sympathies whatever with the poorer classes—actually despising everything not possessed of golden attractions.

One day, it was twenty years from the time the ways of the young Irishmen became diver-

gent, Leary was sitting in his counting-room, when two natives of the Emerald Isle, a man and a woman, entered the store. They were plainly, but not roughly dressed. Leary recognized them in an instant; they were Andy and Biddy O'Shane. The sight of them did not give him much pleasure, especially as there were present in his counting-room two or three merchants of the "first standing."

"Go and see what these people want," he said abruptly, and in a tone of command, to one of his clerks. "If they ask for me, tell them I'm engaged, and can't see them now."

The clerk met Andy and Biddy half-way down the store.

"Is Mr. Leary in?" asked O'Shane.

"He is engaged at present."

"No matter, he will see us," replied O'Shane, pushing on past the clerk, who tried, but in vain, to keep him back.

To the consternation of the merchant, O'Shane and Biddy entered boldly into his counting-room, the former extending his hand as he advanced to him, and saying, with a voice of pleasure,—

"Terence, mon, how are yees?"

But Leary fixed a cold, repulsive look upon his old, warm-hearted friend, and declined taking his hand.

"Don't ye know me, mon? Don't ye know Andy O'Shane? Didn't we come from old Tyrone? bless the dear soil! and wasn't you a gardener's man there, and I a draper's clerk? And wasn't Biddy, here, and your own wife, Maggy, as intimate as born sisters? Terence Leary, mon, don't ye know me now?"

The Irishman spoke with enthusiasm.

"Go 'way, man; go 'way," said Leary, turning his head and waving his hand for O'Shane and his wife to retire; there is a time for all things, and a place for all things."

The whole manner of the Irishman instantly changed, and he drew himself up with dignity—

"Go 'way, d'ye say, Terence Leary?" he replied; "go 'way, is it now? It wasn't so, Teddy, when ye got the fever from hard work, in the hot sun, diggin' cellars, and spent all y'r money, with the doctors. Oh no, it wasn't go 'way then, Teddy. It wasn't go 'way when I loaned ye two sovereigns to fit ye out for a tramp with the pack, and helped ye on till y'r feet after the sickness! Oh no, it wasn't go 'way then, Teddy. But never mind; the world is wide, and so, good-bye till yees. Come, Biddy."

And O'Shane turned and walked slowly away with his wife.

Leary was angry and mortified beyond measure at this interview, by which former low associates and former low occupations were exposed to two or three dignified merchants, who, pitying his embarrassed position, soon withdrew and left him to his no very pleasant reflections.

Mrs. Margaret Leary was no less outraged by the assurance of their old acquaintances, when her husband related what had happened, than had been Mr. Terence Leary himself.

"We'll have 'em thrusting themselves upon

us, I suppose, next thing. Biddy was always bold and forward, and never had any sense of propriety; but she will not want to come here twice, if she comes once, I can tell her."

A few hours after this remark was made, Mrs. Leary was informed that there was a woman in the parlor who wished to see her.

"Who is it?" was asked.

"She says her name is O'Shane."

The color instantly mounted to the lady's face.

"Tell her I am not at home."

The servant went back to the parlor.

"Mrs. Leary is not at home."

"But you told me," returned Mrs. O'Shane, "that she was at home."

"I know," said the waiter rudely, "but I find that she is not at home to you."

"You told her my name?"

"Yes."

"What did you say it was?"

"Mrs. O'Shane."

"You are certain?"

"Yes, sure of it."

The visitor retired slowly, with her eyes cast down. There were bitter feelings at her heart. The friend of her early years, the companion of her early trials, the partner of her early hopes and fears, to meet with whom, and to find affection unchanged, had been the dear hope of many years, had turned coldly from her.

"Not at home to me. Tried and found wanting. Ah, well! better to know this than take by the hand a false-hearted friend."

Leary and his wife were no little disturbed by the occurrences just related. The assurance of O'Shane and Biddy in supposing that they could now have any association with them, was surprising; and their presumption in thrusting themselves forward, an unpardonable offence.

Days and weeks went by, but O'Shane and his wife came not again near the old friends of other days who wished to forget them. This was a relief to the Learys, who for some time after lived in dread of another visitation.

In the western part of the city, among a number of elegant houses in the process of erection, one larger and more indicative of the substantiality of its owner, went steadily up from basement to cornice, and stood forth to the eye an object of admiration, and a proof of wealth in the builder.

"That will be a splendid residence," said Leary to a mercantile friend, with whom he happened to be walking one Sunday afternoon. "I wonder who it is for."

"It is said to be for a New Orleans merchant of great wealth, who has retired from business, and intends residing here for the purpose of educating his younger children."

"Ah! do you know his name?"

"I heard it, but do not remember it now."

"I like to see these men of wealth coming to our city. It is one of the most beautiful in the country. He must be a man of considerable property to build a house like that."

"They say he is worth half a million!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Like yourself, he started I am told, with nothing, and made his own fortune."

The allusion to himself, as having started with nothing, was not entirely agreeable to Mr. Leary. He did not want people to know that he had come up from the lower classes in society, and fondly imagined that this was a secret known to but few. A reference to the fact, therefore, was like throwing cold water upon him.

"Have you met him?" asked he, because it was necessary to say something.

"Yes. He is a plain, but very gentlemanly man. There is nothing ostentatious about him; nothing that marks the purse-proud rich man—no upstart arrogance in his character. I wish I could remember his name, but no matter. It is O' something. O', O', O'—no, I cannot get it. By the way, Mr. Leary, I believe he is a countryman of yours, and that reminds me of a first-rate story I heard of him. It is capital! One of the best things that has occurred for some time. Have you heard it?"

"No."

"Well, it is first-rate. Some twenty or thirty years ago, this gentleman arrived in our country with his wife, green from Ireland. They came in company with another young couple of the same grade in society; one I believe was a gardener, and the other had been in a draper's store, and came to seek their fortunes. A few sovereigns each were all they possessed. Both the men and their wives had been friends from early years, and were attached to each other. In coming to this country, they pledged a lasting friendship, and a lasting interest in each other's welfare. For a time their way in life lay side by side; but there was some things in the conduct of the friend of this O'—what's his name? O'Shane! Yes, now I have it. O'Shane is his name, Mr. Leary."

The merchant, who was so full of the good story, did not observe the marked effect the announcement of this name had upon his auditor. He went on—

"O'Shane noticed some things in the conduct of his friend that he did not much like; as, for instance, when fortune smiled a little upon him, he was distant toward O'Shane, and said nothing about dividing his last penny with him as before; but when things looked dark with him and bright with O'Shane, he was exceedingly glad to bask in his friend's sunshine. Still, notwithstanding this, O'Shane was attached to him, and their wives were like sisters. They started in the world as peddlers, O'Shane loaning his friend, who had spent all his money in sickness, enough to get a well-filled pack. In order to lessen expenses, they rented a small house, and their wives lived together while they were away."

"At length, the friend saved enough to set up a grog-shop, and O'Shane accepted a situation at the South. They parted, and never met again until six months ago—twenty years having elapsed since they separated. The friend made enough money in a few years, by selling grog, to get into a more decent and re-

spectable business. He became a wholesale dealer, and is now, I am told, one of our wealthy merchants. But he is represented as being exceedingly proud of his position in society, at the same time that he is haughty and overbearing to those in humbler circumstances. With him, I suppose, as with too many others, money, not worth, makes the man.

"O'Shane, who was a far worthier man, pushed ahead at the South; not by selling rum, however—he was above that—but by fair and honorable trade. Two years ago he went to New Orleans, having amassed about fifty thousand dollars in Charleston, and entered into the cotton brokerage business, from which he retires with half a million honestly made. But now for the gist of the story. O'Shane had not seen or heard direct from his friend for fifteen years; but he understood how he was getting along, and ascertained on his arrival in Baltimore that he knew nothing of his altered fortunes. So what do you think he does? He knew that if he came as the possessor of half a million, he would be received with open arms, and he would never know whether a spark of old and true regard remained. He therefore determined to test his friend. In order to do this, a few days after his arrival in the city, he called, in company with Biddy, his wife, both plainly but not meanly dressed, at the store of the merchant, and claimed acquaintance. Two or three persons happened to be present at the time, and, I am told, they describe the scene as rich beyond anything they had ever seen. The merchant did not know them, and O'Shane, to refresh his memory, reminded him, in an assumed brogue, of old Ireland, and what they had been there, and of their early toils and struggles in this country. It is said he spoke with much feeling. But the outraged merchant bid him begone in a towering passion.

"After that, O'Shane's wife called to see the friend of her early years, hoping that she might not be as badly changed as her husband. She sent up her name, and received for an answer that the lady wasn't at home; or, as the servant said, not at home to *her*.

"It was enough. O'Shane saw that his old friend was unworthy of his regard, and will treat him hereafter as a stranger."

Leary and his communicative companion were walking along, the former with his head bent down and his eyes upon the pavement, in order to conceal the expression of his face. After the narrative was closed, and while smarting comments were being made thereon, Leary looked up and found himself almost face to face with O'Shane and his wife, both with the appearance and bearing of people who moved in and were used to good society. They looked at him with the look of strangers, and his eyes dropped beneath their gaze.

"That's the very man, now," said Leary's companion, as they passed on.

Leary knew it too well. And he also knew very soon after, that his conduct was notorious, and that people despised him for his proud arrogance; while O'Shane was respected

for his sterling qualities as a man—his true heart and sound head, as much as for his wealth. He never forgave O'Shane in his heart for what he had done; but his anger was impotent. He sometimes met him in society, but O'Shane's bearing was that of a perfect stranger. Every now and then people would introduce them, when they would bow with cold politeness, as if they had never seen each other before. Mrs. Leary and Mrs. O'Shane also met occasionally. But it was Biddy and Maggy no longer.

WILT LOVE ME THERE?

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

In yon calm world, where passion's stormy ocean
Is soothed to tranquil, everlasting rest,
Wilt still accept this faithful heart's devotion,
And smile on her thine earthly love hath blessed?
Wilt love me there?

Here we must often part; our sweetest meeting
Hath much of bitterness, hath many fears;
And, while I spring with joy to claim thy greeting,
My heart grows sore and swelled with gathering tears.

I clasp thy hands—I meet thy pleasant glances—
I hear thy sweet-toned voice—I feel thy kiss—
Thy fond caress my every sense entrances,
Yet e'en thy presence brings not perfect bliss.

It cannot hush the hoarse, unceasing murmur
Of the dark billows rushing o'er our way;
It cannot make my failing courage firmer,
Nor the great fear of losing thee allay.

Here all is strange unrest; the snowy pinion
Of Peace, that bird of heaven, is never furled;
Where sin and strife, and sorrow have dominion,
And they, fell Three! possess our troubled world.

Here flesh is ever wrestling with the spirit,
And reckless passion's force will oft prevail
To turn our thoughts from joys we would inherit,
And make too strong temptations which assail.

Here the affection, striving to be holy,
Without one single sinful spot or stain,
The heart that would be pure, and meek, and lowly,
Too oft contends with earthliness in vain.

But yonder—o'er the flood—'twill all be over;
There sin and selfishness torment no more,
When "man's redeeming and forgiving Lover"
Has cleansed the souls whose weakness we deplore:

When these poor hearts, amid whose gloomy arches,
Pain, with hot footsteps, runneth too and fro,
And grim Despair, a silent sentry marches,
In their forgotten graves are mould'ring low:

If this sad harp, from which my trembling fingers
Can hardly win one glad and hopeful strain,
I strike at last, where nought of sorrow lingers,
Where music's sweetness is not born of pain—
Wilt love me there?

TWICE LOVING.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Flemming had already lived through the Olive Age.

[Hyperion.]

"Wilton, don't you ever intend to get married? I declare, I'm quite in despair about you. Here you are, thirty-six years old next February, and a confirmed old bachelor! Why, you ought to have a wife, and two or three fine second editions by this time. Just think of all the trouble I've had about you, too! Rides in the country, and promenades in the city; visits at home, and parties abroad, all to no purpose. It provokes me to think of it. Once for all, Wilton Hughes, do you intend to live and die an old bachelor?" And the lady, still young and blooming, put down, with an air of desperation, the jewel-case with which her fingers had been playing, and confronted the gentleman, who sat opposite her.

He, too, laid down his paper, but with an air of languid *sang froid*, which was particularly irritating, for dinner was just over, and Wilton Hughes always devoted the next half hour to politics and bank stocks.

"Really, Sara," he replied, and his coolness was in strange contrast with his sister's vehemence, "I cannot answer you, for, whether I shall depart from this life in a state of *single* or *double* blessedness, is still an indefinite matter to myself. You shall be apprised of my decision, when I make it. Meanwhile, my dear sister, I recommend that you give yourself no further uneasiness on the subject."

"You are the most provoking being alive, Wilton," ejaculated the offended lady, as she rose up. "I believe you are as heartless as you are sarcastic, and I shall never put another woman in danger of breaking her heart for you." And the rustle of Mrs. Hill's brown silk was an emphatic peroration of her anger, as she swept indignantly from the apartment.

Wilton Hughes leaned back in his chair, and half closed his eyes. Now he sits there all alone, his face brought into fine relief by the dark velvet cushioning, we will look at it; for his countenance is something more than "a book with a date."

It is not a handsome face; and yet it will win upon you strangely. The features are too long and thin for masculine beauty; the forehead is broad and high, with thick masses of hair about it; the lips are thin, and in repose stern and grave; but you should see them when they are in the light of one of his smiles. "Thirty-six next February!" his sister said. You would never believe he was more than twenty-eight, looking into his face.

But as the man sits there, his thoughts wander off on a long journey. It may be his sister's words—it may be the dim quiet of the room—have started them on a path which reaches away over the grave-yards of many dead and buried years, to a far country—the land of his youth.

It is an old red farm-house that he sees now; the sloping roof is covered with moss, and in the spring the weeds take root among the eaves, and make a long green fringe on the edge of the house. He has not seen the old home since that night when he learned—look! how the cold, proud man's mouth quivers, and his fingers clutch the paper, for *that* night has come out to meet him. It was "laid away, and locked up," he thought, where it would never find a path into the present; but now, as some old friend—over whose death we have wept and prayed—comes back and takes our hand, and the seat by our side, and looks into our eyes with the old smile, and whispers, "It was all false! I was not dead!" So this night came back like a living presence, and took its seat by Wilton Hughes.

He saw her again, the only woman who had ever troubled the depths of his soul, as he saw her then, with her shining golden hair, and her hazel eyes, as sweet a picture as ever the heart of man framed and housed up in the past. They had just returned from a long ride in the country, and they stood by the gate. He had assisted her to alight, and he still retained her little fingers in his own.

A young moon was mounting over the forest, and the light lay soft and sad in the hollows, and along the road side.

He was only nineteen then, and it was the tenth of July! His heart would keep those two dates, till it took up the last one—*Eternity!*

He remembered how, standing there, he leaned down to her, and, putting away the cluster of curls under her bonnet, said, "I shall not be here again, till the hollows are as full of snow as they are now of moonlight. May God take care of my darling, and oh! you will be true to me, my Mary!"

She looked up to him, her dear eyes shining fondly through her tears. "Wilton,"—how the memory of her voice thrilled his heart still,— "Wilton, you may trust me!" and it was not the words, so much as the look, which filled his soul with such trust, that if an angel had spoken from Heaven, he would have believed no more fully. He remembered the last kiss, and that his eyes were dim as he sprang into the carriage. It was the last time he ever saw Mary, or the red house, with the weeds growing on its edge.

He had never blamed her—not even when the blind darkness of that great sorrow settled upon the morning of his life—when he learned that she was another's, and his heart grew dead within him.

He knew *she* was true, and that was a great blessing; her friends had deceived her, and she had gone to the altar, believing that Wilton was false to her.

Mary's family was a poor and a proud one; so was Wilton's.

When the rich man came and laid his wealth and social elevation at the feet of the country girl, her parents looked off on the little yellow cottage, which was Wilton's home, and said, "Our child shall be the wife of the rich man!" But Mary was true; God bless her! and there was a long web of deceit and falsehood woven about her heart, before she yielded to their entreaties. He learned it all too late!

And then Wilton Hughes went out into the world, and did good battle with it. He educated himself; he elevated his family; and at thirty-five he was a rich man.

He had but two sisters, and when his parents died, they came to the city, and married rich men. Proud, fashionable, elegant women they were, admiring their brother, because the world did so, and yet dreaming little of the spring of poetry, whose clear waters gushed through and kept green the heart, so hidden from them. They called him odd, notional, fastidious, and could not understand why he was so indifferent to women, with whom his graceful, half indolent manners made him an especial favorite.

Wilton Hughes lived with his sister, Mrs. Hills. She was the younger, and perhaps he loved her the better, of the two. But there was no sympathy between them. He was a mystery, and a very provoking one, sometimes, to her, and she was to him like a book which one admires for the elaborate binding and gilded edges, but knows there is little inside, after all.

And so Wilton Hughes sat there alone, in his sister's drawing-room, that winter afternoon, and the old years came up softly, and sang a sweet song to him, a song of youth, and love, and hope, and he found, after all, that the past still kept some pearls with which to dower the present.

It was quite late when he came back again to the paper and the arm-chair, and he smiled a sweet, half mournful smile to himself, as he looked at his watch, and murmured,

"What a time-stealer these reveries are! I guess I'll finish up those letters, and not go out till after supper."

It was a raw winter night. Wilton Hughes stepped back for his umbrella, for he knew, as the wind met his face, it was "getting ready to snow."

When he returned, he found a young girl trying to close the door, in the teeth of the wind, and looking ruefully out into the thick darkness. She was slender, and had pale, delicate features; that was all he could make out by the gas-light opposite, but her youth and timidity appealed to his heart at once. Besides, it was not a night on which a young and unprotected girl should be out alone.

"Mrs. Hills is not in this evening," he said to the girl, supposing she had come there on some errand to his sister. Have you seen the housekeeper? She should not allow you to return alone."

"I have been sewing for Mrs. Hills to-day, sir," answered the girl; and somehow, her soft sweet voice thrilled the heart that was yet

quivering to the old memory tune. "It took me longer to finish the work than I thought it would; but I had no idea it was so dark." And she shuddered, as she looked down the street.

"Perhaps our paths lie in the same direction; it is not safe for you to go alone. I am Mrs. Hills' brother; will you allow me to accompany you?" asked the gentleman.

She turned, and looked earnestly at him for a moment. It was a very fair, almost childish face, that dwelt in that plain straw bonnet.

"Yes, sir," answered the girl, eagerly. "I shall be very grateful for your company, for I am a sad coward."

They had proceeded but a short distance, when the wind sprang up fiercer and stronger than ever, whirling up the yesterday's snow, and shouting along the street.

Wilton's companion stopped suddenly, and gasped, "Oh! I cannot go any farther. The wind takes away my breath. It always does."

"Don't be afraid, my child. I shall take care of you. Hold your shawl before your face, and keep fast to me. There, it's going down. We will proceed now."

"What should I have done if it had not been for you! I should never have reached my home; never in the world." And as the girl spoke, the gentleman heard the throbbing of the little coward heart against his arm.

"You should never venture out alone again, on such a night," replied Wilton. "Have you no friend to come for you?"

"No, sir," she answered, mournfully; "my mother died two years ago. She was the only relation I had on earth."

"Poor child!" Involuntarily the gentleman's hand closed over that which lay on his arm, for helplessness made her seem to him like a child.

"And with whom do you live now?"

"With a Mrs. Mason, who was a friend of my mother's, after we came from England. We went there when I was a little girl, and papa lost his property, and died there. I was only twelve when we came back. It is four years ago. Mamma lived two of those, and I was taking drawing lessons, and expecting to teach, when she was taken ill. After she died, I lived a year with Mrs. Mason, and then the money we brought from England was all gone. I learned to do plain sewing of Mrs. Mason's niece. I am hoping some time to lay by money enough to take drawing lessons again."

This simple epitome of the past was murmured among the wind pauses, in a low, sweet voice, that seemed to Wilton Hughes like music he had heard long ago.

"May I inquire your mother's name?"

"Mary Willis Arnold."

Wilton stood still. It was the one name burned into his soul. Just then the wind beat up hoarser, madder than before. He did not hear it, for the louder wind that was driving through his heart.

The girl clung to him, and shivered. It was the first thing that aroused him.

"Don't be frightened," he said, soothingly; "we are almost home. I think, from your de-

scription, your mother and I were old acquaintances."

They were walking on again. She looked up in unspeakable surprise. "If you tell me your name?"

"Wilton Hughes! Did your mother ever speak of it?"

"Oh, yes! I am so glad! how very strange! She left a letter for you the very day she died, and told me to be sure and keep it till I found you. Here we are at home! You will come in, Mr. Hughes, and get the letter?"

He did not answer her, but he followed the light footsteps into the small brown house.

The girl entered the parlor. It was plainly, but decently furnished. An old, but very pleasant looking woman, sat by the small cylinder stove, and a lamp was burning on the table.

"Lena, I have been so worried about you," said the old woman, and then stopped suddenly, on seeing a stranger.

"It is mother's old friend, Mr. Hughes. You remember, Mrs. Mason," said Lena, as she ushered the gentleman into the parlor.

Mrs. Mason received him with rapturous expressions of delight; but as Lena threw off her bonnet, and came into the light, he could only think of her. The large hazel brown eyes, the fair, pure features were so like those his early manhood had loved, that he longed to draw the sewing girl to his heart, and rain down kisses upon them. Lena's father had bequeathed her hair and lashes their thick darkness, and given the proud curve to her lips in their repose; but in all else she was like her mother.

Wilton's eyes followed the girl as she left the room, and he vainly tried to answer Mrs. Mason's inquiries with anything but monosyllables.

In a moment Lena returned, and laid the letter in his hand. How it shook as he opened it! There were but a few words, traced, evidently, by a faltering hand. So ran the letter:

"MY BELOVED WILTON:—I am dying to-day, and few must be the words I can say to you. Ten years ago, holding my father's dying hand in mine, I learned all. We were both the victims. Thank God, your heart was as true as my own. Wilton, my child is fatherless and motherless, and I have none with whom to leave her. I give her to you, though I know not where you are, whether married or single, for I have never heard of you since —"

"I can hardly see the lines, and I know the darkness that is coming over them is death. To-morrow I shall be at home, and when this comes to you, you will take care of Lena, for the sake of MARY."

Wilton read this letter through, and then the proud man leaned his arms on the table, and burying his head there, sobbed like a very child, unmindful of his tearful listeners.

I cannot tell all which took place that evening in Mrs. Mason's little parlor; but when Wilton Hughes had risen to leave, he put aside Lena's thick curls, and looking in her face, said, very tenderly,

"My child, never go out to another day's sewing. Your mother has given you to me. I will take good care of you."

A month had passed.

"What is the reason that Wilton never stays at home now-a-days?" said Mrs. Hills to her dull, but very stately husband, on one of those infrequent evenings which they were passing alone together. "He used to be away quite too much, I thought, but now we never get a glimpse of him till eleven. Do, Charles, hand me that magazine."

"Perhaps he's out courting; eh, Sara?" suggested the gentleman, as he passed the pamphlet to his wife.

"Nonsense; it's nothing of that kind," replied the lady, quickly, for she had no great confidence in her husband's discriminating faculties. "I'd give him a lecture for leaving me so; but, then, what good would it do?"

If Mrs. Hills could have known the new life which the heart of her brother had been living for that last month, and if she could have looked into Mrs. Mason's little parlor that evening, it would greatly have modified her remarks.

Wilton Hughes had passed his evenings with Lena Arnold, and his soul had drunken again of the golden goblet of its youth.

Lena was so child-like, so unaffected, that it was a joy to the world-weary man to be with her.

He might have been married years before; but his sisters' fineness and frivolity had sickened his heart of their sex; and then they would never leave him alone, but were always trying to palm off some woman upon him as false and vain as themselves.

But, Lena! Lena! She had taken him back to the golden dream of his youth, and he sat watching her to-night, as she stood by the table, her graceful head leaning over the drawing he had brought her, her dark eyes beaming bright through their long, heavy lashes.

"Lena," he said, at last, "will you come and sit down by me, for I have something to say to you?"

She came, with a smile half-curious, half-confiding, for Lena had learned to know Wilton very well during that month.

"Lena," he said, stroking the little hand he had taken in his, and looking into her clear eyes, "do you love me any?"

"Love you any?" answered the girl, with that frankness which contact with the world had never taught her to conceal; "to be sure I do. Were you not my mother's best friend, and are you not my own now? Oh! I love you better than any one in the world, Mr. Hughes!"

"Well enough to be my wife, Lena?"

She sprang up in her wild astonishment, and her cheeks were incarnadined with blushes.

"I your wife! You do not mean it, Mr. Hughes?"

He put his arms around her.

"Yes, Lena, I should not jest on such a subject. Twenty years lie between us, and my hairs may be growing gray, while your cheek still keeps the bloom of its youth. Shall you love me less because I loved your mother first—because I shall be old before you, Lena?"

She drew up close to him. "No, no. I was

not thinking of that; only I am so different; I know so little, and I am so unfitted to be your wife."

"I am in no hurry, Lena. You are right in thinking yourself too young to marry now. I will wait for you three years. I will not trammel your girl-life with any engagement which gratitude might induce you to make me. You shall be free, and you shall pass the intervening three years at one of the best schools in the Union."

The pride of Lena's father, and the delicacy of her mother, rose in her answer. "But to be so dependent before I am married! Forgive me! but I cannot bear the thought of it, Mr. Hughes."

"I have looked out for all that, my Lena. The gentleman at whose school I would place you, desires an assistant in drawing. In two months you can be this, and yourself defray your expenses."

"How can I thank you?" said Lena, with a burst of happy tears. How I will study, so you shall not be ashamed of me when I am——"

She did not finish the sentence; but before she buried her burning face on his shoulder, there had beamed a glance through her swimming eyes, which told Wilton Hughes that she loved him.

Three years had passed. Wilton had just returned with Mr. and Mrs. Hills from their annual visit to Saratoga. Martha, his elder sister, rode up the next day to welcome them home again.

"I hear you've had an unusually gay season at the Springs," said the lady. Was Wilton as indifferent as ever to the beauties he found there, Sara?"

"Yes, just, Martha. I've given him up now. He's a confirmed old bachelor."

"No, he isn't, either," said the gentleman in question, as he entered from the next room, where he had overheard these remarks; "and to prove this to you, I expect to be married, Providence permitting, four weeks from this day!"

"To whom? To whom?" cried both the ladies, as they sat down pale with astonishment.

"Do you remember, Sara, a young girl, a Miss Arnold, who, some three years ago, did plain sewing for you a few days? She is to be my wife!"

"Wilton Hughes!" shrieked both the horrified ladies; "will you so disgrace yourself and your family? We will never, never receive her—never speak to her."

"Martha! Sara! Be still." The tones were so stern and commanding, that even the proud women yielded to them. "Listen to me," and Wilton sat down, and told the sisters the story of his youth—of his love for Mary Willis, and of the lie that had made her another's, and how his heart had holden that one memory in silence, and tenderness, for so many years.

Then he told them of the winter night, and his meeting with her child, and thus he concluded:

"Whether you receive or reject my wife, is a matter perfectly optional with yourselves; but, remember, she is never to be insulted in my presence." And he left them.

Wilton's words had reached the woman's hearts of his sisters. There was something of truth and beauty in this deep, long-enduring love, which spoke to their souls through all the pride and false shame which had overgrown them.

Mary Willis had been their playmate in the days they had since blushed to remember, and her sweet face came back to them once more, and in that better moment they said:

"There is no use in finding fault with him, and, after all, his love has been very beautiful. She will be his wife, and we will receive her as such."

And they did not alter their determination, when Wilton brought Lena to them; and they looked upon her, graceful and vine-like, in all her rare bridal beauty; for she was happy as few wives are in the husband who had first loved her mother.

New Haven, Conn.

THE MIMOSA.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

There is a plant, as florists know,
A frail, slight thing to see,
Whose leaflets' tender fibres show
A charming mystery.
Hear Anna, list a moment—so
I'll tell the tale to thee.

The Sun to quench its life, in vain
May send his arrows warm,
Nor heedeth it the wind and rain—
That little yielding form.
Unloved, its tiny shoots remain,
Triumphant o'er the storm.

Yet with thy hand—that gentlest thing—
Touch but its smallest part,
It droops, as droops the swallow's wing,
When Death is at its heart:
And Time alone, relief can bring,
And bid its pulses start.

This, Anna, let thy emblem be—
Whilst thou art firm to bear
The ills *Heaven's wisdom* shall decree,
Of earthly guile beware!
Still in each masked allurement see
The poison, and the snare.

PROGRESSION.—The sun rises and sets, the stars vanish and return again, and all the spheres hold their cycle-dance. But they never return precisely as they disappeared; and in the shining fountains of life there is also life and progress. Every hour which they bring, every morning and every evening, sinks down with new blessings on the world. New life and new love drop from the spheres as dew drops from the cloud, and enhance nature as night enhances the earth.—[Fichte.]

NEGROES IN VIRGINIA.

Have you ever been in Virginia, reader?—in “Old Virginia,”—that part of the State bordering on the Chesapeake Bay, and the large rivers emptying into it? If you have, perchance, sojourned in this hospitable region, you have made acquaintance with the negroes of the country.

Some of the farms, in the grain-growing portions of Eastern Virginia, are very large, and work a great number of hands. These are principally slaves; indeed, on the larger farms, all the regular farm hands are slaves, although, in very busy seasons, free negroes, of whom there are a considerable number in this country, are sometimes hired as day laborers, to assist the regular hands. On all large farms an overseer is employed, whose business it is to see that the negroes perform their duties, to see that they are comfortably provided for, and to attend, generally, to the cultivation of the land.

Upon every plantation, large and small, each servant who has reached adult age, is provided with a cabin, or small house, built generally of logs, with a thatched or shingled roof. This cabin has a ground floor, which the negroes always prefer. It is sometimes built near the dwelling house, but generally, especially on farms situated at some distance from the master's house, it is put up on a location most convenient to the field in which the occupant labors. Around each cabin, a piece of ground, sufficiently large to make a good garden, is inclosed, from which the occupant, if he is at all industrious, can always produce vegetables enough to serve him during the year, as it is a prevalent custom to give to each individual sufficient time during the week, to work his garden. Most servants raise, too, large numbers of fowls, which they can always very readily sell, either to their masters, at the neighboring villages, or at some of the stores which are scattered throughout this country. From these fowls, large quantities of eggs are procured, which also meet with very ready sale. On some farms, each man and woman with a cabin, is allowed to raise a hog, for which they can always find enough to eat. It would scarcely be believed, that from these apparently very slender resources, the negroes are enabled to obtain as much money as they usually have in their possession, for they never fail to find enough to purchase a sufficient supply of coffee, sugar, whiskey, and tobacco, the four luxuries which they prize above all others; and few are long without change in their pockets. There are many who might, if they knew how to take care of what they make, purchase their freedom in a few years.

We remember having been told of a man who had been for many years known among his fellow-laborers, as a “mighty stingy” fellow, who, at a time when he was sick, sent for his master to come and see him, as he wanted to make his will. Negroes are generally very much

alarmed when a little sick; and as he came in, his master said, pleasantly:

“Why Sam, how is this? They tell me you want to make a will! You are not so far gone as that, I hope?”

“Ah, yes, master, my time am come, I b'lieves. Well, bless God, I'se not afraid to go; but what little I has, master, I wants you to 'spose of for me.”

“Oh! I will do so, certainly, Sam; but I expect to see you out next week, as well as ever. What can I do for you?”

“In dat ol' chist in de corner, dere, master, you will fin' what I'se been savin' dese ten years; here is de key. I want you to give half to my niece, and de other half, master, for you has always been a good, kind master to me, I want you to keep you'self.”

Sam did not recover; and on searching his old chest, his master, to his great surprise, found nearly six hundred dollars, which he appropriated as the old man had desired.

We will return from this episode to the cabins, with which we were occupied. From the garden we will look into the interior. Here you will generally find, especially with the older servants, a good feather bed, a table, a half-dozen hanging shelves, and, in cold weather, a bright fire blazing on the capacious hearth. You will find, too, if you will go, as I have sometimes done, with the physician employed to attend them, that they never want for sugar to enable the doctor to make his pills, or to make his medicines less unpalatable; and they are often provided with little delicacies, sent them on such occasions from the ladies of the house, delicacies such as rarely pass the thresholds of the indigent of our cities, except from the occasional hand of the charitable. This little cabin, too, is as much the castle of the slave, at least as regards those on his own level, as is the house of any man in the country; and some old fellows are very exclusive as to whom they allow to enter its precincts. And old man who was for many years a favorite servant of his master—who related to me some of his peculiarities—when he retired to his quarters to pass his old age, would never let even his own children come into his little house. On pleasant Sunday afternoons, he might be seen sitting in the door-way, with a group round him, to the members of which he would talk pleasantly; but not one (except his wife, if she happened to be present,) was allowed to pass the threshold.

“Why, Billy, don't you invite your children into your cabin?”

“No, 'master, I don't; niggers a'nt to be trusted; dat I knows.”

The slaves here are required to work; but their labor is light; so light that it is generally acknowledged that a white laboring man at the north will accomplish almost, if not quite, as much work in a day, as two southern negroes. At sunrise they go out into the field; at sunset

they return to their houses; Sunday, two days at Whitsuntide, Easter, and a week at Christmas, is their own time. They are then free; so free that they do not work even for their masters, without a *quid pro quo*. Generally, they go to their work cheerfully, and labor willingly. Striking instances sometimes occur, of their anxiety to perform faithfully their duties; and sometimes this is done from a religious sense of what they believe they owe to their masters. The mass of negroes, it must be acknowledged, are ignorant, very ignorant, as well morally as intellectually, and think little of acting from any sense of right; they labor willingly and cheerfully from habit. But many have a good moral sense, and seem to act in many respects from religious principles.

A worthy old man, of whom I never think without a feeling of respect and esteem, was once asked by his master—whom also we well remember—what he would do if he were ordered by him to work on the Sabbath, as he professed to be a religious man, and regarded the Sabbath as a day set apart as one on which to labor would be a violation of a divine command.

"I would go to work, master," was his reply.

"But do you not think it would be wrong to work, Frederick?"

"No, master, not for me. I am your servant, and must obey. It would be you, master, who would commit sin, and not me, sir."

This man, now quite old, had grown up with his master; they had been children and boys and men together. A strong attachment existed between them. Not long after the above related conversation, the old man, the master, became ill; for months he lay helpless and in pain, and this servant watched by his bedside day and night, scarcely taking sufficient food or rest to sustain life. In all the moments of impatience and irritability of his master, he bore with him with a gentleness which could never have been bought or forced. He lifted him carefully when he wished to be moved; and when he occasionally laid down to catch a moment's sleep, the slightest movement of his master was sufficient to rouse him. Although surrounded by near and dear friends, no one could so gently raise him up, or smooth his pillow, or hand his medicine, as Frederick; nor was he ever easy when Frederick was away. And when death approached, when he found that the time had come for them to separate, this man stood with the family by the bedside, and shed with them bitter tears at the departure from his sight of one with whom he had passed through life, who had been to him a protector and friend.

The above, reader, believe me, is no fancy sketch. It is far above our feeble powers to present you with any thing like a faint picture of the affecting truth of this history. We knew the master well; he was a fine old man, and we have seen the tears start into his eyes as he told of some instance of attachment to him on the part of his servants. His slaves were an inheritance; he felt that in them he had had entailed upon him a great responsibility, and he faithfully endeavored to discharge his duty to-

wards them. No one who has not known intimately, a conscientious owner of slaves, can at all appreciate the intense anxiety they often occasion. They are to be provided for; they are to be attended in sickness, to be directed in all things, as a man sustains and directs his children. The gentleman of whom we have spoken, was once asked if he did not sometimes feel a dread of an insurrection amongst his negroes.

"Sir," said he, "I have not a man in my possession who would not protect me and my family as long as he had life."

This warm attachment often observed between master and slave, is reciprocal, as what we have said above indicates. A striking instance of this occurred, it is said, in Southampton county, shortly after the insurrection, stirred up and headed by Nat. Turner, who will be remembered by many of my readers. The morning after the shocking murders which were committed by those engaged in the insurrection, the band had dispersed, and the whole white population was in a state of fearful excitement. Every white man was armed, and we have been informed that not a negro made his appearance who was not instantly shot down, without inquiry being made as to whether he were innocent or guilty. It seemed to be the determination of the whites to exterminate the negro race. Who can wonder that men whose wives, whose children, and friends were brutally murdered, should be, for the moment, bereft of reason, should forget justice? When this state of feeling was at its height, a servant of Col. B— (a man of great worth and influence,) made his appearance near the Court House. A number of white men were present, among whom was Col. B— himself. A man levelled his rifle at Jacob. It was knocked up by the master.

"You must not injure that man, sir!"

"I will send a bullet through him, or my name's not Wilson! I saw him kill my mother last night."

"It is not so; to my certain knowledge, Jacob did not leave his cabin last night."

"I don't care if he did not; I intend to kill every negro I lay eyes on."

"You shall not injure this man, Wilson, unless you first take my own life. Jacob, come to me."

By this time an excited crowd had gathered round. Jacob had come up, and his master stood before him.

"Gentlemen, Mr. Wilson, here, is about to shoot my man Jacob, who, I declare to you, is as innocent of the horrible murders which were committed last night, as I am. You know me, my fellow-citizens; have I ever been guilty of any act of injustice toward you? Can any man here say that I have ever done him wrong? I have suffered as dreadfully as any of you here, but it is time these lawless murders should cease; and they shall cease now, or I shall be one of the victims. Jacob, come closer—I am your master—it is my duty to protect you—I will protect you, if my own life is to be the sacrifice of the attempt."

The Colonel's iron firmness had the effect of bringing those about him to their senses, and all went vigorously to work to discover, arrest, and legally punish, the leaders of the insurrection.

R.

"YOU TAUGHT ME TO READ."

BY ALLEN M. SCOTT, A. M.

Last winter I visited one of the western cities, where I had never been before. On my arrival, I felt that I was "a stranger and unknown," for, among the busy thousands that thronged the noisy streets, and the crowded thoroughfares, I expected to see no familiar face.

After a transfer of baggage from the railroad depot to my room at the hotel, I stepped into a furnishing store hard by, to make some trifling purchase. It was one of those superbly arranged establishments, usually found in the vicinity of great hotels.

On my entering this store, one of the clerks, a young man of genteel appearance, ran to meet me, and, to my utter surprise, called my name in a familiar manner, and shook my hand most cordially. I told him that I did not know him.

"Don't know me!" said he; "*why you taught me to read.* It was you that opened to me the gateway of knowledge—that pointed out to my feet the path that has led me to business, competency, and respectability in life!"

On inquiry, he gave me his name, mentioned the old school-house, in which, twenty-three years before, he had been my least student, and leaned with implicit confidence against my chair, as I taught him letters, and syllables, and words,—the first principles of our vernacular tongue. I then recalled him to memory. He was an orphan child, having neither father nor mother, and resided with his widowed grandmother, and I chanced to be his first teacher.

Well do I remember who it was that first taught me to read. It was my mother! Ere I had seen the approach of my fifth natal day, she had trained me to spell, and even to read a chapter in the Bible. Long, long years have since rolled away! That mother rests in the home appointed for all living; yet often indeed, does memory's magic mirror reflect back the hallowed scenes of childhood, and innocence, and love!

It is a blessed privilege to teach a child to read. It is the greatest earthly good you can do for him! Every teacher should feel it to be such, and the thought itself should inspire him with energy to execute well the arduous, but important task.

Forty years from to-day it may afford infinite pleasure to claim the honor of having taught some poor, little, ragged orphan to read. What honor would it not be to have taught Washington, Clay, Webster, or Jackson, to read? Every little boy, free-born in this land of liberty, stands as a candidate for fame, and will be duly eligible at a legal age, to all the honors a great and prosperous people can bestow.

Homer, Louisiana, July, 1855.

THE SLEEP.

He giveth His beloved sleep.

Psalm, CXXVII, 2.

Of all the thoughts of God, that are
Born inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved—
The poet's star-tuned heart, to sweep—
The senate's shout to patriot vows—
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved—
A little dust, to over-weep—
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake!
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say;
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep,
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumbers, when
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved sleep!

His dew drops mately on the hill:
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope, men toil and reap!
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Yes! men may wonder, while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
In such a rest his heart to keep;
But angels say—and through the word,
I ween their blessed smile is heard—
"He giveth his beloved sleep!"

For me, my heart that erst did go,
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the jugglers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close;
Would, child like, on His love repose,
Who giveth His beloved sleep!

And friends!—dear friends!—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all,
Say, "not a tear must o'er her fall,"
"He giveth His beloved, sleep!"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

SPEAKING of diminutive men who were among the most eminent in the world, Sydney Smith instanced his friend Jeffrey, and added that there was another—name not given—who had "not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect was improperly exposed."

A SYLVAN MORALITY; OR, A WORD TO WIVES.

"These summer wings
Have borne me in days of idle pleasure;
I do discard them."

"And, Benedict, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand."

We have a young relative, about whom we are going to relate a little anecdote connected with insect history, which requires, however, a few prefatory words.

At the age of 17, Emily S—— "came out," gilt and lettered, from the Minerva Press of a fashionable boarding-school, and was, two years afterwards bound (in white satin) as a bride. In the short period intervening between these two important epochs, she had had a prodigious run of admiration. Sonnets had been penned on her pencilled brow, and the brows of rival beauties had contracted at the homage paid to hers. All this Emily had liked well enough—perhaps a little better than she ought; but where was the wonder? for besides excuses general (such as early youth and early training) for loving the world and the world's vanities, she had an excuse of her own, in the fact that she had nothing else to love—no mother, no sister, no home,—no home at least in its largest and loving sense. She was the orphan, but not wealthy ward, of a fashionable aunt, in whom the selfish regrets of age had entirely frozen the few sympathies left open by the selfish enjoyments of youth.

When Emily married, and for a few months previous, it was of course to be presumed that she had found something better than the world whereon to fix the affection of her warm young heart. At all events, she had found a somebody to love *her*, and one who was worthy to be loved in return. Indeed a better fellow than our friend F—— does not live; but though fairly good-looking, and the perfect gentleman, he was not perhaps exactly the *description* of gentleman to excite any rapid growth of romantic attachment in the bosom of an admired girl of nineteen.

Why did she marry him? Simply because amongst her admirers she liked nobody better, and because her aunt, who was anxious to be relieved of her charge, liked nobody so well;—not because he had much to offer, but because it was little he required.

Soon after their marriage the happy pair set out for Paris. F——, though his means were slender and tastes retired, made every effort (as far as bridegroom could so feel) to gratify his lively young wife by a stay at the capital of pleasure. After a subsequent excursion, they returned within a year to England, and settled at a pretty cottage in Berkshire, to which we speedily received a cordial invitation. It was no less readily accepted; for we were anxious to behold the "rural felicity," of which we little doubted that our friends were in full possession.

The result, however, of a week's sojourn at their quiet abode, was the reluctant opinion

that, somehow or another, the marriage garments of the young couple did not sit quite easy; though to point out the defect in their make, or to discover where they girted, were matters on which it required more time to form a decided judgment. One thing, however, was pretty obvious. With her matronly title, Emily had not assumed an atom of that seriousness—not sad, but sober—which became her new estate; nor did she, as we shrewdly suspected, pay quite as much attention to the cares of her little *menage* as was rendered incumbent by the limited amount of her husband's income. She seemed, in short, the same thoughtless pleasure-loving, pleasure-seeking girl as ever; now that she was captured, the same volatile butterfly as when surrounded and chased by butterflies like herself. But her captor? asks some modern Petruchio—had he not, or could he not contrive to clip her pinions? Poor F——! not he! he would have feared to "brush the dust" from off them; and, from something of this over-tenderness, had been feeding, with the honeyed pleasures of the French capital, those tastes which (without them) might have been reconciled already to the more spare and simple sociabilities of a retired English neighborhood. He was only now trying the experiment which should have been made a year ago, and that with a reluctant and undecided hand.

Poor Emily! her love of gaiety had now, it is true, but little scope for its display; but it was still strongly apparent, in the rapturous regret with which she referred to pleasures past, and the rapturous delight with which she greeted certain occasional breaks in the monotony of a country life. An approaching dinner-party would raise her tide of spirits, and a distant ball or bow-meeting make them swell into a flood. On one or two of such occasions, we fancied that F——, though never stern, looked grave—grave enough to have been set down as an unreasonable fellow; if not by every one, at least by that complex "every body," who declared that his wife was "one of the prettiest and sweetest little women in the world," and, as every body must be right, so of course it was.

Rarely, indeed, had our gentle Benedict beheld the face of his "Young May Moon," absolutely obscured; but then it had always been his care to chase away from it every passing, or even approaching, cloud; and he would certainly have liked, in return, that its very brightest rays should have shone on him direct, instead of reaching him only, as it were, reflected from what, in his eyes, certainly, were very inferior objects.

We had passed some weeks at our entertainer's cottage, when rumors got afloat, such as had not disturbed, for many a year, the standing, and sometimes stagnant, pool of Goslington society. The son of Lord W—— was about to come of age, and the event was to be celebrated by grand doings; a varied string of entertain-

ments, to be wound up, so it was whispered, by a great parti-colored, or fancy ball. Rumors were soon silenced by certainty, and our friends were amongst those who received an invitation to meet all the world of Goslington, and a fragment of the world of London, about to be brought into strange conjunction at W—— castle. What shapes! grotesque, and gay, and gorgeous—ghosts of things departed—started up before the sparkling eyes of Emily, as she put the reviving talisman into F——'s hand. No wonder that her charmed sight failed to discover what was, however, sufficiently apparent, that her husband's delight at the honor done them by no means equalled hers. Indeed we were pretty certain that not merely dissatisfaction, but even dissent, was to be read in his compressed lip, and, for once, forbidding eye.

Nothing was said then upon the subject; but we saw the next morning something very like coolness on the part of F—— towards his wife, which was returned on hers by something very like petulance. Ah! thought we, it all comes of this unlucky fancy ball! We had often heard it declared by our friend, that he hated every species of masquerade, and would never allow (though this was certainly before his marriage) either sister, wife, or daughter of his to attend one. But, beside this aversion for such entertainments in general, he had reasons, as we afterwards gathered, for disliking, in particular, this fancy ball of Lord W——'s. Amongst the "London World," Emily would be sure to meet several of her quondam acquaintances, perhaps admirers; and though he was no jealous husband, he preferred, on many accounts, that such meetings should be avoided.

The slight estrangement spoken of did not wholly pass away, though so trifling were its tokens, that no eye less interested than our own might have noticed their existence. Indeed neither of the parties seemed really angry with the other, appearing rather to think it incumbent on them to keep up a certain show of coolness; but whenever the sunny smile of Emily broke even partially through the half-transparent cloud, it dissolved in an instant the half-formed ice of her husband's manner. By mutual consent the subject of the fancy ball seemed left in abeyance; and while in every circle, for miles round, it formed the central topic, in ours it was the theme forbid. Thence we tried to infer that it was a matter abandoned, and that Emily's better judgment, if not her good feeling, had determined her to give up her own liking, on this the very first occasion on which, we believe, her husband had ever thwarted it.

Well—whether, as with us, awaited in silence, or, as with the many, harbingered by the music of many voices—the grand event marched on; and a day was only wanted of its expected arrival, when business called F—— to London, from whence he was not to return till late at night. Soon after his departure, which followed an early breakfast, we left Emily, as we supposed, to the business of her little house-

hold, and repaired, as was our wont, to the library,—a small apartment which our friend F—— had made the very bîjon of his pretty cottage. It was tastefully fitted up in the gothic style, with a window of painted glass,—a window, by the way, especially suited to a book-room, not merely as pleasing to the eye, but for a correspondence which has often struck us. The many-colored panes, through which the light of day finds entrance, form no unfitting symbol of a library's contents, whereby the light of intelligence is poured upon the mind through as many varied mediums, from the deep, cold, black and blue of learned and scientific lore, to the glowing flame color and crimson of poetry and romance. Having taken down a choice copy of the *Faery Queen*, we committed our person to an ebony arm-chair, and our spirit to the magic guidance of our author's fancy. Obedient to its leading, we were career-ing somewhere betwixt earth and heaven, when a slight noise brought us down for a moment to our proper sphere; yet hardly,—for on looking up we beheld, standing in the wake of a colored sunbeam, from which, on wings of gossamer, she seemed to have just descended, an unexpected apparition of surpassing grace and beauty. Titania's self, just stepped upon the moonlit earth, could scarcely have stood poised on an unbroken flower-stalk, in form more airy, in attitude more graceful, with countenance more radiant, than those of Emily F——, as, arrayed in likeness of the *Faery Queen*, she thus burst upon our view, and with an air half archly playful, half proudly triumphant, enjoyed our bewildered surprise, and received the involuntary homage of our admiration.

We saw in a moment how the matter stood; Emily was really going to the fancy ball; and this, of the Queen of Fays, was the fantastic and too bewitching costume she had chosen to assume. Knowing her kind heart, and having believed that its best affections had been gained by her estimable husband, if not bestowed on him at first, we were vexed and disappointed in our young relation, and felt it only right to give, if we could, a check to her buoyant vanity, by letting her feel the weight of our disapproval,—shown, if not expressed. "So I see, Emily," said I, in the coldest tone; "I see, after all, that you are going to this foolish ball."

The beaming countenance of the beautiful sylph darkened in a moment, like a cosmoramic landscape. "And why not?" returned she, pettishly; "I suppose, then, you don't approve."

"My approbation can be of very little import, if you possess that of your own heart, and that of your husband. Under what character, pray, does he attend you? I suppose he plays Oberon to your Titania?"

Emily's face reddened. Some strong emotion heaved her bosom, and I saw that pride alone kept the starting tears from overflowing. "Charles," said she, with an attempt at assumed indifference, "will not be there at all; I am to go with Lady Forrester."

We felt more vexed than ever, and wished to say something which might yet hinder the

young wife's intention; but while considering what that something should be, or whether, indeed, our age and slight relationship gave a sufficient right to say anything, we looked down for a moment on our still open book. Of that moment Emily availed herself to effect an escape, and on raising our eyes we only caught a glimpse of her glittering wings as she glided through the doorway. Our first impulse was to recall her; our next thought, to leave her to herself. If her better nature still struggled, remonstrance of ours, we considered, might only serve to set wounded pride against it; and wounded passions, like wounded bravoes, fight most desperately. We saw no more of our young hostess till the hour of dinner, to which we sat down *tele-a-tele*. Emily's sweet face had regained all its usual expression of good humor, and by almost an excess of attention, and an effort at more than ordinary liveliness, she strove to make amends for the slight ebullition of temper stirred up by the morning's incident; but her sociability seemed forced, and we felt that our own was much of the same description.

Our after dinner sitting was soon ended for an evening stroll. It had been a sultry day towards the end of August; the lazy zephyrs had been all asleep since noon; so, with a view to meet the first of them which should happen to be stirring, we directed our steps towards a high open heath or common. Its summit was crowned by a magnificent beach, towards which we slowly ascended, under a shower of darts levelled by the declining sun; and, on arriving at the tree, were right glad to seat ourselves on the circular bench which surrounded its smooth and bulky bole.

Here, in addition to the welcome boons of rest and shade, we were presented gratis with the exhibition of a finer panorama than the Messrs. Barker ever yet produced.

What a scene of tranquil splendor lay before us; one of those glowing pictures of the declining day and declining year, whereon, like a pair of dying painters, they seem to have combined their utmost skill and richest colors in order to exceed, in a last effort, all the productions of their meridian prime.

After a few moments of silent admiration, we were on the point of exclaiming to our young companion, "Oh! who could prefer the most brilliant ball-room to a scene like this?" but we checked the impulse; for perhaps, thought we, the "still small voice," which speaks from all around us, is even now whispering to her heart. But never, we believe, was adder more deaf to the accents of the "charmer," than was Emily at that moment to those of nature. Her mind, we are pretty sure, was still running, and all the faster as she approached it, on that fancy ball. Perhaps she suspected that ours was following the same turn, and knowing of old our habit of making observations upon insects, she, by a little womanly artifice, availed herself of it to divert their course. Pointing with her parasol to a long procession of brown ants, which were crossing the foot-worn area beneath the tree,—"look," said she, "I suppose they are going home to bed."

"Or perhaps to a ball," rejoined we, quite unable to resist the pleasure of taking our fair cousin in her own *ruse*; "but let us follow them, and see."

Emily was delighted at having, as she thought, so ingeniously set us on our hobby, and attended us to the spot whither we had traced the little laborers. Their populous settlement bore no appearance of evening repose. Other trains were approaching in various directions, to meet that which we had followed, and a multitude was covering the conical surface of the ant-hill, as if taking a farewell bask in the glowing sunset. Amidst the congregated many, and distinguished from the common herd by very superior bulk and four resplendent wings, were several individual ants, which Emily (as well she might) mistook for flies, and inquired accordingly what could be their business in such incongruous society. "They are no flies," said we, "but ants themselves—female ants,—though with somewhat of the air, certainly, of being in *masquerade*, or *fancy costume*. But, say what we will of their attire, we must needs confess that they are in their proper places; for they are the *matrons* of the community, and, as we see, they are *at home*."

Our companion made no reply; but stooping down, seemed wholly engrossed by examination of the ant-hill. "Look," exclaimed she, presently; "there is one of these portly dames without any wings at all. I suppose some of her neighbors have taken up a spite against her, and combined to strip her of her glittering appendages."

"By no means," we answered, "*she has laid them aside by her own voluntary act*. Only see, my dear Emily, here is one of her sisters even now employed in the business of disrobing."

We both stooped, and watched narrowly the curious operation to which we had directed our young friend's attention. One of the larger insects in question was actively employed in agitating her wings, bringing them before her head, crossing them in every direction, throwing them from side to side, and producing so many singular contortions as to cause them all four to fall off at the same moment, leaving her reduced to the same condition as her wingless sister. Fatigued, apparently, by her late efforts, she reposed awhile, after the accomplishment of her purpose, brushed her denuded corset with her feet, and then proceeding to burrow in the soft earth of the hillock, was speedily lost to our observation. "How very odd!" said Emily; "what can possibly be the meaning of such a strange, unnatural proceeding?"

"I will tell you," replied we, "that which has been thought fully to explain its intention. This insect female, in common with her sisters, had hitherto been privileged to lead a life of entire indolence and pleasure. A few days since, having risen from her lowly birth-place on those discarded pinions, we might have seen her disporting in the air with some gay and gallant companions, of inferior size, but winged like herself. But now her career of pleasure, though not of happiness, being at an end, her life of usefulness is about to begin, and, in cha-

racter of a matron, she is called to the performance of such domestic duties as will henceforth confine her to the precincts of her home.

"Of what use now, therefore, are the glittering wings which adorned and became her in her earlier youth? Their possession might only, perchance, have tempted her to desert the post which Nature, under Divine guidance, has instructed her to fill. Obedient to its teaching, she has thus despoiled herself of the showy pinions which (essential to her enjoyment in the fields of air) would only have encumbered her in the narrower but more important sphere of home."

Emily listened in silence to our lecture on Entomology, which must have been delivered, we suppose, with peculiar clearness, as she did not, according to her usual custom, follow it up by any further inquiry or comment. We soon afterwards bid adieu to the insect community, and wended our way homewards.

F— returned from London the same evening; but availing ourselves of an old friend's freedom, we had retired to bed before his arrival.

Next morning ushered in the day, "the great, the important day," of the fancy-ball—neither "heavily" nor "in clouds;" yet greatly did we fear that the pleasant sunshine which greeted our opening eyes would be met with no answering beams at the breakfast-table of our friends.

How agreeably, therefore, were we surprised, when, on entering the parlor, we at once perceived an expression of more perfect serenity, on the countenances both of F— and his pretty wife, than had been worn by either since the day of that confounded invitation.

"Ah!" thought we, "it's pretty plain how the matter is ended; that wicked little fairy has wrought her charms for something—has carried her point—and will carry him, her willing captive, to the ball. What poor weak fools fond husbands are! Thank heaven that—Well! perhaps better so than worse."

Breakfast proceeded; chat in plenty; but not a syllable about the fancy ball; till bursting to know how the case, so long pending, had really ended, we ventured on a pumping query—"At what hour, Emily," said we, "does Lady Forrester come to take you to the ball?"

"I have written to prevent her calling."

"Oh, then, you are going under other escort?" and we looked slyly at F—.

"I am not going at all," said Emily.

Here she put in ours her little white hand, and looked up archly in our face,—"I am not going, for I have laid aside my wings!"

"My good fellow!" said F—, as he took our other hand; "you deserve to be made President of the Entomological Society."

ANECDOTE OF TOOTH-DRAWING.

Some of you have, perhaps, sought accommodations as travellers at the "Mansion House," South Third street, Philadelphia, (it has now given place to several modern residences,)

which was for many years so admirably kept by Mr. Joseph Head. That elegant building was originally the residence of William Bingham, Esq., an English gentleman of great wealth, and who boasted the possession of a magnet more precious than his mansion or his money, in the person of his most accomplished, excellent, and beautiful wife. Mrs. Bingham, about the year 1778 or '80, a sensitive, timid person, who had been afflicted for a considerable time with inflammatory tooth-ache, was unable to obtain relief. She could not command the nerve necessary to bear extraction of the tooth, and yet was induced by her friends and physician, to send for a young French dentist, then recently arrived in the city of Penn. A first, a second, and a third visit, in three successive days, were paid in vain, the patient was weakened and nervous, while the dentist was polite and persuasive. But Mrs. Bingham, in her courteous apologies for causing such fruitless visits, insisted that her resolution held good until she saw the dentist; but with the sight of him her courage all fled. As a little "*ruse de guerre*," the operator suggested that when her next resolve was taken, she should be blindfolded, then send for him, and, on his approach, without a single word, open her mouth. This plan was adopted with success, and, whether from the small amount of pain, compared with heightened fears and expectations, or from the actual skill of the dentist, it matters not—the lady was relieved, delighted, and happy: she was grateful and generous, and, with the kind expression of her thanks, she pressed into the operator's hand as they parted, a little silken purse. On examining his fee, unclimbed, and most unexpected, he found it to be *fifty guineas*. But he had acquired that which proved more valuable to him than a thousand such; a warm friend in a lady of rank, one who lent grace to, rather than derived it from, the great fortune and position she enjoyed.

CONSOLATION,

"WHEN THE NIGHT-TIME OF SORROW STEALS
OVER LIFE'S SEA."

BY MAY LINWOOD.

Thou, whose frail bark drifts wearily
Adown life's troubled stream,
Whose tearful eyes seek vainly,
Some beacon's friendly gleam;

Look up! the stars shine dimly
Through the dark night of despair;
They light the shores of Paradise!
And thou art speeding there.

Fear not—for Christ, whose holy feet
Once calmed the stormy sea,
Will still the tempest-waves of grief,
And whisper, "Peace" to thee.

Ere long thy bark on the Sabbath shore,
Shall safely anchored be;
When the wearisome voyage of life is o'er,
"And there shall be no more sea."

Selected Miscellany.

PECUNIARY INDEPENDENCE OF WIVES.

[The lady editors of the *Ohio Cultivator* make some good, common sense suggestions, on the pecuniary relation of wives to husbands. We commend them to such of our readers as have a personal interest in the subject:]

In all ordinary cases, the income of the wife must necessarily come from the husband in some form, and therefore she must in one sense be dependent upon him, but it is not at all necessary that she should be made to always feel this dependence as most wives now do.

The husband having never been placed in similar circumstances, can not understand how galling it is to a wife, to be expected to tell just what she needs, and how "badly" she needs it, to convince him she is not extravagant; yet we think most wives would tell the same story, even after the practice of years, and though enjoying the full confidence of their husbands.

We are convinced that more heart bitterness, alienations and bickerings, arise between husband and wife from this source than almost any other, and moreover it occasions more temptation to duplicity and concealment than almost anything else; especially when it is difficult, as it often is, to get enough "pin money," for the numberless little things pertaining to the wardrobe, of which men can be no judges.

One husband remarked, half jestingly, half complainingly, that "he paid his wife enough dimes and quarters for Hives' syrup and paregoric for the children, to dress them all like queens," or words to this effect. He did not seem at all aware that he was educating his wife in deception; that his habit of saying, "oh, you don't need it," or, "there's a quarter, that is all I can spare," or, "I can't afford it," had led her into this practice to supply what to her were real necessities.

Some wives would doubtless be extravagant if they had money by them, (though we are sure they would not purchase so hurtful a "luxury" as tobacco,) yet a little practice, with the aid of their husbands and the knowledge that they were trusted, would make them careful and economical, we think; and most wives, we are sure, feel an equal interest with their husbands in laying something by for future need. A truly worthy, noble husband will not degrade his wife to the rank of a dependent or a beggar, but will wish her to be independent, for this is always ennobling.

Now do not understand us as an advocate for separate interests of husband and wife, for we are not. We greatly desire that all the property should be considered *ours*, not mine or thine; we only ask that the wife have the con-

trol of her *personal* expenditures. Let her income for this be a fixed sum, that she can spend as she pleases; if she performs her duties well, she as truly *earns* it as her husband does; let it be paid in quarterly or semi-annual payments in advance, whenever practicable, and we think it could be just as well in nearly all cases, if the husband chooses.

We are sure the wives will second our suggestions, and make an effort for their own independence; and if any husbands are not convinced that this is the best way, urge them to let you try the experiment, and see if it is not pleasanter for all, and equally economical, besides giving you the luxury of *self-denial* for benevolent purposes, when you wish. And when you commence to practice upon the suggestions we have offered, get a small account book, and begin by keeping your accounts accurately, putting all moneys, orders, &c., received, in one part of the book, and every expenditure, however small, in another; then compare them frequently, and it will aid you in being economical, be useful for reference, and be a tangible proof to your husband that you are worthy of all confidence.

MR. SMITH LOUNGES ON THE SOFA, AND MRS. SMITH LECTURES HIM FOR IT.

[There is a touch of practical good sense about the following that will be appreciated by many. We find it in the *Marysville Tribune*.]

"I declare, Mr. Smith! this is too bad. Here you are stretched out on the sofa, musing it up, and my nice carpet is all spoiled by the tramp of your coarse boots. I shall be ashamed to bring any one into the parlor again—and I have taken so much pains to keep everything nice! I do think, Mr. Smith, you are the most thoughtless, careless man I ever did see—you don't appear to care how much trouble you give me. If I had no more care than you have, we would soon have a nice looking house—it would not be long till our new house and furniture would be just as bad as the old;" said John Smith's wife to him, as she saw him in the parlor taking a nap on the sofa.

Mr. Smith rose up slowly, and answered, "I was tired and sleepy, Mary, and the weather so hot, and this room so quiet and cool, and the sofa looked so inviting, that I could not resist the temptation to snooze a little. I thought when we were building a new house, and furnishing it thus, that we were doing it because the old house and furniture were not so comfortable as desirable, and that I and my own dear Mary, would indulge ourselves in a little quiet leisure in these nice rooms, and if we chose, in lounging on the sofas and rocking in

these cushioned arm chairs, away from the noise of the family, and the smell of the cooking stove.

"I did not dream of displeasing you, Mary, and I thought it would give you pleasure to see me enjoying a nap on the sofa, this warm afternoon. I notice when Merchant Swell, or Col. Bigman, and their families are here, you appear delighted to have sofas and cushioned arm-chairs for them to sit in or lounge upon. I thought the house and the sofas were to use—that we were seeking our own pleasure when we paid a large sum of money for them; but I suppose I was mistaken, and that the house and furniture are for strangers, and that we are to sit in the old kitchen, and if I want to take a nap, or rest a little when fatigued, I am to lie down on a slab in the wood house; and if you want to rest, you can go to the children's trundle bed, in the little close bed-room where the flies can have a chance at you."

The irony of Mr. Smith's reply only provoked his wife, and seeing himself threatened with a repetition of Mrs. Smith's speech, with unpleasant additions and variations, and knowing that he would get tired of gaining victories over her in argument, before she would think of getting tired of defeat, he took himself out, and left Mrs. Smith to fix up and dust out, and lock him out of his own house, and took a seat in an old chair in the kitchen, which Mrs. Smith said was good enough to use every day—in the kitchen where no one sees it.

Poor mistaken Mrs. Smith, thought I. And yet most women are like her. They want a fine house, and when they get it they want an out house built to live in, and they confine their families to a few small rooms, poorly furnished, while the main rooms, well furnished, is never seen by the family only when visitors come! Both house and furniture are too grand for use. The carpet is too fine for their husbands to walk on—the mirrors are too fine for him to look into—the furniture is all too fine for him to see or use. Just so it goes—we dress, we women, I mean, and I am sorry that many men are as foolish as we are, to please others, or rather to excite their remarks—we build houses, and furnish them for those outside the family, and live as poorly when we are rich as we did when we were poor; as poorly in the new house as in the old.

It is a fatal day to enjoyment when a family gets a house and furniture too fine for use; and yet most women have an ambition to have it so. Better would it be if they were contented with such a house and such furniture as is suited to every day use—the house large enough to accommodate one's friends, and the furniture such as all use when at home.

RICH AGAINST HIS WILL.

Vivier, the musician, who is the present rage in Europe, is one of the rare instances of a *man of genius who has a banker!* His account with his banker used to be a very uncertain one.

Now and then he was "flush" with the proceeds of a successful tour or concert, and he made haste to indulge in a little financial respectability, by making a deposit, on which he could draw checks like a capitalist. The season, some five or six years since was very productive. He had made a tour with Jenny Lind in Germany, and his pocket being heavy on his return, the great banker, Mr. Baring, had been the recipient of some twelve hundred pounds to his account.

But Vivier's heart was in his own country, and, the moment he was unoccupied, he began to be homesick. He would make a visit of a month or two to Paris, and return when the Great Fair of London recalled him to the banks of the Thames. He drove to the banker's for his money.

By the eminent Mr. Baring he was received with the genial courtesy which genius commands, even in the marts of Mammon, from those who are its princes.

"I have called to draw the little sum that I have in your hands," said Vivier.

At these words, the banker put on a grave air, and slightly pinched his lips.

"It is impossible to let you have it," was the reply.

"Ah! you are perhaps embarrassed at this particular moment?" innocently supposed the musician.

"Not at all!" said the banker, and one of his clerks entering at the moment, he turned to him and said: "You will send to His Grace, the Duke of—, the forty thousand pounds, which was the amount of the loan he requested."

"This reassures me," said Vivier; "if you can lend forty thousand pounds, you could easily furnish me the two hundred pounds, from my deposit, which I require at this moment for a trip to Paris."

"Certainly I *could*—but I must still refuse it," persisted the imperturbable banker.

"Monsieur!" said Vivier, "I like a joke well enough when it is not carried too far; but this seems to me to have attained its limits."

"I never joke on matters of business, sir," said Baring, "and, when I assure you that you can not have the money you ask for, I am quite in earnest."

"Do you pretend to deny that I made a deposit with you, then?"

"Certainly not. I remember perfectly, that, a short time since, you deposited with me twelve hundred pounds; for which, with a confidingness that was a compliment to me, you did not ask for a receipt."

"And will you abuse this confidence?"

"Never, of course. But still, you can not touch the money in question."

"Your reason why, sir, if you please?"

"I will tell you. A few days before her departure for the United States, Miss Jenny Lind, whose banker I also am, did me the honor to dine with me. After dinner, we pleaded for the privilege of once more hearing her delightful voice, and she assented on one condition: that I would grant a request that she wished to make. I promised, and she sang. The song over, we

claimed to know our obligation, and she then said: 'Vivier has deposited money with you—twelve hundred pounds, I hear. He ought to be rich, with the money he makes, but the careless creature spends his earnings with the prodigality of a prince. Some one should be prudent for him, since he has no prudence for himself. His capital should be invested in spite of him, and the interest allowed to accumulate. This sum, now, might be, one day, a little capital that would save him from want. I wish you to refuse to let him draw it out of your hands.' This is the explanation of my refusal, and you see that it originated in a kind and affectionate solicitude for your welfare."

"Oh! very well," said Vivier, "and, of course, I am sensible of the sympathy which actuated the illustrious woman whose heart is even greater than her talent; but, notwithstanding my gratitude, I do not accept the tutelage, for I am out of money, and must have it for my present need. If I can get it in no other way, I must appeal to the law."

"Very well," said the banker, "the right is on your side, and you can go to law if you like, but you will ruin yourself with the cost of the suit: and, with my means, I can make it last as long as your life, for the delays of the law are endless if you choose to pay for them. Nothing shall prevent me from keeping my word to Jenny Lind, and carrying out her benevolent design. You can not touch the money in my hands."

Before the inflexible determination of the banker, Vivier was obliged to yield, and, to the delight of his friends in Paris, he was obliged to give a concert during his vacation there, to pay the expenses of his idleness.

Vivier is the greatest of living horn-players, and though he still makes exorbitant sums of money, is as extravagant in its expenditure as ever. If he lives to the common age of man, however, he will be rich in spite of himself.

THE LIMITATIONS OF ART.

[We have more than once referred to the *Crayon*, published in New York, as a work of very elevated tone. The editors justly discriminate between mere art, and its moralities. We extract a good article:]

Very accurate ideas of the true ends of Art may be gathered from its limitations. The directions in which its range is most like that of Nature—infinite—and towards the unattainable, are those in which its pursuit evokes the noblest powers of human intellect, and are, therefore, the worthiest, though not those in which the greatest excellence can be manifested. There is a distinction which we have before alluded to, and which is a vital one in Art criticism—viz., that between *worthiness* and *excellence*. The latter means only the success of a work of Art in its aim, no matter how lofty or low that aim may be, when considered in a moral or intellectual point of view, whether it be the representation of the orgies of a company

of bacchanals, or the devotions of the Suppliant of Gethsemane; the former is an expression only to be applied to that which would be noble, and grand, and true—and it is worthy, though this intention may be only indicated. *Excellence* depends on the *difficulty* of the thing attempted—*Worth* on the *nobility* of it. This, if remembered as a principle in criticism—if insisted on by the public, and acted on by artists, would regenerate Art, and might well be borrowed in other branches of human endeavor.

The limitations of Art are shortest where the perfection is most easily attained. Thus we may imitate a piece of wood so precisely, that only touch or the microscope shall tell us that we are mistaken when we thought the painting to be the thing itself, though they are placed side by side; but the light of Nature, her brilliancy of color, are things only to be suggested to the mind—not in any way realized to the eye; and thus the graining of the wood, though excellent, is considered, as Art, unworthy, while the attempt to paint the sun in the mid-sky is worthy, though our greatest success only amounts to a meagre statement of the facts of the phenomena which the sun presents to us, and devoid of that which is most characteristic of sun-light—its overpowering brilliancy. We shall not attempt to discuss the point, whether a quality can be considered worthy, *because* it is difficult of attainment. It is, doubtless, more noble to attempt a thing which we know will task our utmost ability, and demand the most determined effort, than to rest content to spend our time on the superficialities which require only a careless or imperfect application; but there may be something which shall be at once difficult and worthless when accomplished. There is a coincidence, to say the least, generally, between the things which are difficult and the things which are noble.

The painting of flesh, for instance, presents two points of interest—the exact tint of flesh, and what artists call the quality of color, or its representation of the qualities by which flesh is distinguished from a wax imitation of it, the softness, elasticity, and semi-transparency of it. The former is easily attained by careful study, but the latter is so difficult, that very few artists have ever succeeded in it; and it so happens, that the latter is the more important, because it represents the distinguishing features of flesh, by which it is known from wax or wood. Again, in landscape, its light is of more value than its local color, and is also beyond the reach of the artist's materials. In both cases, the law of limitations which we have indicated above, acts justly.

There seems here to be an interference with the grounds we have continually assumed—that a work of Art is not to be judged with reference to its power, since the greatest power will most readily overcome difficulties, but the inconsistency is not real, being rather based on a partial use of the term "difficulty." We apply it generally to the obstacles in our way, when we would accomplish a certain purpose, whereas, the greatest difficulty in Art is to restrain our

own tendencies to superficiality, and to keep a lofty purpose unbent. The more mechanical or even intellectual power by which we should not judge Art, is a different thing from that intensity of feeling by which we are enabled to overcome those nearest to insurmountable obstacles which exist in ourselves—our moral lethargy, and our bluntness of perception. Therefore, taking it on the broadest grounds, our rule applies justly, for the limitations of Art lie furthest off in moral qualities, every difficulty to be met in the mechanical or intellectual departments being found in the moral, in a degree comparable to the greater elevation of the moral. Where we have a hundred men who can raise themselves to intellectual greatness, we have scarcely one who is capable of reaching a commensurate moral elevation—and correspondingly of the intellectual and moral limitations of Art. When, therefore, we said that these would point us to the true ends of artistic effort, we stated a truth which may be taken with equal justice in its broadest scope, or in any particular province.

If applied to painting simply, or the merely technical part of Art, it is true, since *imitation*, the thing easiest of accomplishment, is really the meanest purpose the artist can devote himself to, and is, in fact, no legitimate object of his labors. The province of painting, then, is not to imitate, but to suggest—not to reproduce, but to represent to the mind, or appeal to the moral faculties—and in proportion as Art tends to the imitative, it is base, though excellent, and as it aspires to the intellectual, and thence to the moral, it is noble, though imperfect in its attainment of the results it aims at.

REMINISCENCES.

[We take a passage from some reminiscences of Mr. Peale, published in the *Crayon*.]

My mental tablet carries me back to the period of 1783. After a distressing war of seven years, the peace then consummated, was celebrated by my father by a grand illumination of his house, the corner of Lombard and Third streets. The sashes of the windows being taken out, their places were filled with transparent allegorical paintings, to the great admiration of a popular and patriotic throng. I well remember of seeing my angel-mother—my father's Madonna—sitting alone in the middle of the room, to watch the safety of the numerous candles of the illuminated scene. Not satisfied with this demonstration, my father, the revolutionary captain of '76, with but limited means, erected a magnificent triumphal arch across Market street, covered with transparent paintings, and with many ingenious devices—but, unfortunately, whilst he was in the upper story directing the discharge of rockets, the whole building was set on fire by the mis-movements of a drunken man, and my father, in falling to the ground, broke two of his ribs, a severe retribution for his patriotic zeal. The crowd of spectators was immense, and various robberies were committed

in the confusion. We were somewhat amused at a late hour, to see my father's pupil, Wm. Mercer, a deaf and dumb son of General Mercer, come home, wild with terror, being divested of his watch, and gold sleeve and knee buckles, and so much afraid of further injury, that we could not persuade him to go to his bed, as he thought he would be more safely hidden in the stable. This same Mr. Mercer, under my father's tuition, became an excellent portrait painter, and continued his profession till his death a few years ago.

The last portrait of *Franklin* was begun in 1790, which my father was anxious to finish. I accompanied him to the old mansion, where we found the doctor confined to his room, in much pain, which he bore with philosophic patience, but had no hope of being able to give another sitting for his portrait; which I regretted the more, because in his confinement, his grey locks had grown long, and undulating gracefully over his shoulders, contrasted well with his venerable bald head. I never was so impressed with the interest of a human head! Ten days after this, he died, and at his funeral in the Friend's burial ground, at least twenty thousand persons were present. I was seated on the brick wall, directly over the grave, and was so impressed with the awful and solemn ceremony, that when it was filled up, I remained in melancholy meditation on the loss of such a man, unconscious of the dispersion of the vast multitude, till dark twilight found me there alone. I had never seen a corpse—I knew nothing of the dissecting room, and yet, for a few minutes, my thoughts ran upon the possibility of saving from the grave so precious a head! But to dig it up without detection—to sever it from the body, and take it home—impossible! I sickened with the discarded idea, and hastened home, not to speak to any one, but in silent grief to bed.

Phrenology was not then known, and no one talked of the interest in a skull. Thus susceptible of excitement, it is not surprising that I should afterwards take much interest in the study of heads, as they differed in man and other animals. Lavater and Camper were the only guides to my observations. In 1801, whilst painting the portrait of Doctor Priestley, I gave him some of my notions, which amused him, from their novelty, and he asked me what I supposed was indicated by a peculiar elevation on the summit of his head? Never having seen anything like it, I could form no idea of its meaning, if it had any—but, it is singular, that when I became acquainted with Doctor Gall, in 1812, I found it was marked by him as the organ of veneration.

I painted the portrait of Doctor Gall in Paris, because he had become a noted character. He wished to know my opinion of his system. I replied that I knew nothing, but wanted some account of it. He was glad to find an artist that did not know his system, but as a man of observation, he asked me to designate what struck me as *peculiar* in the formation of his head. I replied, "Its extraordinary breadth

above the temples." His eyes sparkled as he ejaculated, "Combination—combination! Napoleon and I both have it greater than any two men in France."

THE MOUTH OF FAME.

My father was a slave all the week, and could only call himself his own on Sunday. The master naturalist, who used to spend the day at the house of an old female relation, then gave him his liberty on condition that he dined out, and at his own expense. But my father used secretly to take with him a crust of bread, which he hid in his botanizing box, and, leaving Paris as soon as it was day, he would wander far into the valley of Montmorency, the wood of Mendon, or among the windings of the Marne. Excited by the fresh air, the penetrating perfume of the growing vegetation, or the fragrance of the honeysuckles, he would walk on until hunger or fatigue made themselves felt. Then he would sit under a hedge, or by the side of a stream, and would make a rustic feast, by turns on watercresses, wood strawberries, and blackberries picked from the hedges; he would gather a few plants, read a few pages of Florian, then in greatest vogue, of Gessner, who was just translated, or of Jean-Jacques, of whom he possessed three odd volumes. The day was thus passed alternately in activity and rest, in pursuit and meditation, until the declining sun warned him to take again the road to Paris, where he would arrive, his feet torn and dusty, but his mind invigorated for a whole week.

One day, as he was going towards the wood of Viroflay, he met, close to it, a stranger who was occupied in botanizing, and in sorting the plants he had gathered. He was an oldish man, with an honest face; but his eyes, which were rather deep set under his eyebrows, had an uneasy and timid expression. He was dressed in a brown cloth coat, a grey waistcoat, black breeches, worsted stockings, and held an ivory-headed cane under his arm. His appearance was that of a retired tradesman who was living on his means, and rather below the golden mean of Horace.

My father, who had great respect for age, civilly raised his hat to him as he passed; but in doing so, a plant he held fell from his hand; the stranger stooped to take it up, and recognized it.

"It is a *Deutaria heptaphyllos*," said he; "I have not yet seen any of them in these woods; did you find it near here, sir?"

My father replied, that it was to be found in abundance on the top of the hill, towards Sevres, as well as the great *Laserpitium*.

"That, too!" repeated the old man more briskly. "Ah! I shall go and look for them; I have gathered them formerly on the hillside of Robaila."

My father proposed to take him. The stranger accepted his proposal with thanks, and hastened to collect together the plants he had gathered; but all of a sudden he appeared seized with a scruple. He observed to his companion,

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that the road he was going was halfway up the hill, and led in the direction of the castle of the Dames Royales at Bellevue; that by going to the top he would consequently turn out of his road, and that it was not right he should take this trouble for a stranger.

My father insisted upon it with his habitual good-nature; but the more eagerness he showed, the more obstinately the old man refused; it even seemed to my father that his good intentions at last excited suspicion. He therefore contented himself with pointing out the road to the stranger, whom he saluted, and he soon lost sight of him.

Many hours passed by, and he thought no more of the meeting. He had reached the copse of Chaville, where, stretched on the ground in a mossy glade, he read once more the volume of *Emile*. The delight of reading it had so completely absorbed him, that he ceased to see or hear any thing around him. With his cheeks flushed, and eyes moist, he repeated aloud a passage which had particularly affected him.

An exclamation uttered close to him, awoke him from his ecstasy; he raised his head, and perceived the tradesman-looking person he had met before, on the cross-road at Viroflay.

He was loaded with plants, the collection of which seemed to have put him into high good-humor.

"A thousand thanks, sir," said he to my father. "I have found all that you told me of, and I am indebted to you for a charming walk."

My father respectfully got up, and made a civil reply. The stranger had become quite familiar, and even asked if his young brother botanist did not think of returning to Paris. My father replied in the affirmative, and opened his tin box to put his book back in it.

The stranger asked him with a smile, if he might without impertinence ask the name of it. My father answered that it was Rousseau's "*Emile*."

The stranger immediately became grave.

They walked for some time side by side, my father expressing, with the warmth of a heart still throbbing with emotion, all that this work had made him feel; his companion remaining cold and silent. The former extolled the glory of the great Genevese writer, whose genius had made him a citizen of the world; he expatiated on this privilege of great thinkers, who reign in spite of time and space, and gather together a people of willing subjects out of all nations; but the stranger suddenly interrupted him:—

"And how do you know," said he mildly, "whether Jean-Jacques would not exchange the reputation which you seem to envy, for the life of one of the woodcutters whose chimney's smoke we see? What has fame brought him except persecution? The unknown friends whom his books may have made for him, content themselves with blessing him in their hearts; while the declared enemies that they have drawn upon him, pursue him with violence and calumny! His pride has been flattered by success! How many times has it been

wounded by satire! And be assured that human pride is like the Sybarite, who was prevented from sleeping by a crease in a rose leaf. The activity of a vigorous mind, by which the world profits, almost always turns against him who possesses it. He expects more from it as he grows older; the ideal he pursues continually disgusts him with the actual; he is like a man who, with a too refined sight, discerns spots and blemishes in the most beautiful face. I will not speak of stronger temptations and of deeper downfalls. Genius, you have said, is a kingdom; but what virtuous man is not afraid of being a king? He who feels only his great powers, is—with the weakness and passions of our nature—preparing for great failures. Believe me, sir, the unhappy man who wrote this book, is no object of my admiration or of envy; but, if you have a feeling heart, pity him!"

My father, astonished at the excitement with which his companion pronounced these last words, did not know what to answer.

Just then they reached the paved road which led from Mendon castle to that of Versailles. A carriage was passing.

The ladies who were in it perceived the old man, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and leaning out of the window, repeated,

"There is Jean-Jacques—there is Rousseau!"

Then the carriage disappeared in the distance.

My father remained motionless, confounded and amazed, his eyes wide open, and his hands clasped.

Rousseau, who had shuddered on hearing his name spoken, turned towards him:—

"You see," said he, with the bitter misanthropy which his later misfortunes had produced in him, "Jean-Jacques cannot even hide himself: he is an object of curiosity to some, of malignity to others, and to all he is a public thing, at which they point the finger. It would signify less if he had only to submit to the impertinence of the idle; but, as soon as a man has had the misfortune to make himself a name, he becomes public property. Every one rakes into his life, relates his most trivial actions, and insults his feelings; he becomes like those walls, which every passer-by may deface with some abusive writing. Perhaps you will say that I have myself encouraged this curiosity by publishing my *Memoirs*. But the world forced me to it. They looked into my house, through the blinds, and they slandered me; I have opened the doors and windows, so that they should at least know me such as I am. Adieu, sir; whenever you wish to know the worth of fame, remember that you have seen Rousseau."

—[*The Attic Philosopher in Paris.*]

THE UNHAPPY REPLY.

"I do not think it a selfish act if I occupy this whole seat myself, as I am to travel all this long day," said I to a lady nearest me, one sultry morning, as I took the out-of-the-way end seat, in the cars at Buffalo for Albany.

"Certainly not," was the reply, as I put my shawl, books, papers, fan, bouquet, &c., in the

one end, and nestled myself down in the other. I soon wearied of conversation and reading, and had sunk into a fitful slumber, when a gentle tap on my shoulder, and a low "Please, miss!" made me wake with a sudden start.

The car was filled to overflowing, and a newly arrived party had entered; a pale little woman, with a fretful baby in her arms, stood asking permission to sit beside me. With more of pity than pleasure, I shared my seat with her, yet I spoke but few words, and sulkily forbore taking the restless little creature to ease her poor, wearied arms; but merely smoothed its yellow hair, and patted its pale, baby cheeks, and said Mary was a good and sweet name.

For my own comfort I had opened the window that I might more distinctly catch those picturesque views, that flitted by so quickly that they seemed like glowing pictures, without one imperfection to mar, when my attention was drawn to my companion, who was incessantly coughing.

"I do wish you would let down that window," said she; "the coal smoke makes my cough so much worse."

I am ashamed to confess it now, but I felt the angry blood burn in my cheek, and a flashing of the eyes, as I replied:

"I am quite sick and wearied, and troubled; and hungry and thirsty, and crowded, and here you come as an intruder and keep me from the mite of cool, fresh air that I am trying to get. Do you think you are doing as you would be done by?" said I, tartly, and without waiting for a reply, I rose, and was letting down the window with an angry crash, as a naughty child would slam a door shut, when she laid her poor wasted little hand on my arm, and said:

"Oh, don't do it then!" and burst into tears, and leaned her head down on her baby, and cried bitterly.

The woman in my heart was touched; but putting on the injured air of a martyr, I compressed my lips, and took up a paper, pretending to read. Pretty soon my eyes grew dimmed. I could not see without crushing the tears often, and I resolved to ask her pardon for my unkindness; but minute after minute glided away, and we soon reached her place of destination, and she rose to leave. I rose, too, and the words were on my lips, when a gentleman came to assist her out.

She turned her gentle, tearful eyes upon me with a sad expression, and bowed so sweetly that my hand was almost upraised to appeal for her forgiveness,—the words were just dropping from my lips—but she was gone, it was too late, and I, a woman, with a woman's heart, was left with that stinging little barb sticking in it, and the sweet words and wasted little hand that alone could remove it, were gone from me forever. I sank back in my seat and wept bitterly.

The gentleman returned from assisting her, and as the car was full, he took the place she had vacated. I inquired who the lady was, and he replied:

"Her home is in Wisconsin, and she has returned to the home of her childhood to die.

The whole family of brothers and sisters died of consumption, and she, the last one left, is going, too."

Oh! I turned away sick at heart, and tried to shut out from remembrance that pallid, appealing face, as I resolved, and re-resolved, never again in this poor life of mine to speak an unkind word.—[*Ohio Farmer.*]

THE CHINESE.

[The following extracts from "A Journey through the Chinese Empire," by M. Huc, a French ecclesiastic, exhibit an interesting phase of the Chinese character:—]

There has been much joking about the manner in which the Chinese soldiers behaved before the English troops. After firing their pieces once, they threw them down, and fled as a flock of sheep might do if a bomb should burst in the midst of them; and it was thence inferred that the Chinese were men essentially cowardly, deficient in energy, and incapable of fighting; but the judgment appears to us very hasty. In these circumstances the Chinese soldiers simply showed their good sense. The means of destruction employed by the two parties were so entirely disproportioned, that there could be no room for the display of valor. On one side arrows and matchlocks, on the other good muskets, and cannon loaded with grape. When a maritime town was to be destroyed, it was the simplest thing in the world. An English frigate had only to heave-to at the proper distance, and then, while the officers, seated quietly at dinner on the poop-deck, manœuvred the Champagne and Madeira, the sailors methodically bombarded the town, which, with its wretched cannon, could only send a few balls about half way to the enemy's vessel, while their houses and public buildings came tumbling down on all sides as if struck by lightning. The English artillery was for these poor people so terrible, so supernatural a thing, that they at last believed they had to do with beings more than mortal. How could they be expected to be brave in so unequal a contest? An enemy whom they had no means of reaching, was blazing away at them quite at his ease; what could they do but run away? They did so, and in our opinion they showed their wisdom in so doing. The government alone was to blame, for driving thousands of men almost unarmed and defenceless to a certain and useless death. The English are decidedly very brave, but if ever, which God forbid, they should have to defend their country against a European army, with nothing better than bows and arrows, and matchlocks taken from the Chinese, they would soon, we are convinced, find some of their valor oozing away.

It may be that it would be possible to find in China all the elements necessary for organizing the most formidable army in the world. The Chinese are intelligent, ingenious, and docile. They comprehend rapidly whatever they are taught, and retain it in their memory. They are persevering, and astonishingly active when they chose to exert themselves, respectful to

authority, submissive and obedient, and they would easily accommodate themselves to all the exigencies of the severest discipline.

The Chinese possess also a quality most precious in soldiers, and which can scarcely be found as well developed among any other people, namely, an incomparable facility at supporting privations of every kind.

We have often been astonished to see how they will bear hunger, thirst, heat, cold, the difficulties and fatigues of a long march, as if it were mere play. Thus, both morally and physically, they seem capable of meeting every demand; and with respect to numbers, they might be enrolled by millions.

The equipment of this immense army would also be no very hard matter. There would be no occasion to have recourse to foreign nations. Their own country would furnish in abundance all the material that could be desired, as well as workmen without number, quick at comprehending any new invention.

China would present also inexhaustible resources for a navy. Without speaking of the vast extent of her coasts, along which the numerous population pass the greater part of their lives on the sea, the great rivers and immense lakes in the interior, always covered with fishing and trading junks, might furnish multitudes of men, habituated from their infancy to navigation, nimble, experienced, and capable of becoming excellent sailors for long expeditions. The officers of our ships of war that have visited the Chinese seas, have often been astonished to meet, far away from any coast, their fishermen braving the tempests, and guiding their miserable vessels in safety over enormous waves that threatened every moment to swallow them. The Chinese would very soon be able to build vessels on the model of those of Europe, and a few years would enable them to put to sea with such a fleet as has never been seen.

What China wants is a man of genius, a man truly great, capable of assimilating the power and vitality of this nation, more populous than all Europe, and which counts more than thirty centuries of civilization. Should an Emperor arise among them, possessed of a great intellect, a will of iron, a reformer determined to come at once to a rupture with the ancient traditions, and initiate his people into the progressive civilization of the West, we believe that the work of regeneration would proceed with rapid strides, and that perhaps those Chinese who now appear such a very ridiculous people, might be thought of somewhat more seriously, and might even occasion mortal uneasiness to those who covet so eagerly the spoils of the ancient nations of Asia.

A GIRL TO DO HOUSEWORK.

Early one morning, Mr. Jones was seen seated in his buggy, driving a spirited horse, in pursuit of a girl to do housework. This was the fourth day of the campaign, and bid fair to prove as unsuccessful as the former ones, yet he drove on

hoping against all past experience, till meeting a neighbor, he reined in his horse.

"Good-morning, Mr. Mason; can you tell me where I can find a girl to do housework? My wife is sick, and I wish to get one for a few weeks—I am willing to pay any price!"

"Indeed, Mr. Jones, that's a hard question; there's girls enough to be sure, but they won't do housework. Neighbor Hardpan, down in the hollow there, has half a dozen, but I don't suppose that you could get one for love or money. I've tried them time and again, but they won't go out."

"Thank you," said Mr. Jones; "there's nothing like trying." So saying, he stopped at the door of Mr. Hardpan.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Hardpan; I called to see if I could get one of your daughters to do housework for me a few days?"

"Oh! dear man; why, massy on us, Mr. Jones, you've no idee how feeble my darters are: they wouldn't be tough enough anyway, they couldn't stand it to do housework a week. Anna Maria has got a despret lame side, and I don't purtend to put her to doing anything, she's so feeble; and Susan Sophia has a *dreadful* weak stomach; she can't eat any thing unless it is cooked just so—she don't even make her own bed; and as for Amelia Angeline, she's troubled with a terrible palpitation of the heart; she can't lift a pail of water. Why don't you get an Irish girl?"

Here Mrs. Hardpan paused for breath, and Mr. Jones bade her a good-morning, and renewed his journey; and just at night succeeded in getting a married woman, who brought her baby with her, to come and do a little baking, and stay a day or two, till he should make a further trial.

This, reader, is no fancy sketch. And now let us for a moment look at the *feebleness* of Mrs. Hardpan's daughters. Anna Maria is tough enough to live in a dress which compresses her ribs four to six inches, and leaves for both lungs about as much room as one ought to occupy!—Of course she could not do housework. Susan Sophia can stand it to dance till midnight, then read novels till daylight, sleep till eleven o'clock in the morning, eat hot cakes, and drink strong coffee for breakfast; beef soup, butter gravies, mince pies, and fruit puddings for dinner; pound-cake, lemon tarts, and half a dozen cups of green tea for supper; with cloves, chalk, charcoal, and slate pencils for a dessert. Poor weak stomach! Amelia Angeline is a pale, slim, delicate creature, yet she "can stand it" with her breast-bone pressed upon her heart by a tight dress, so that it can scarcely beat! No wonder it is at times obliged to make a "terrible" effort to free itself of its surplus blood. Amelia Angeline, too, is strong enough to carry six or eight pounds of cotton batting, and a small "out of cloth" about her hips, wear thin shoes, and go "bare armed" in winter. What a wonder that *she* should have palpitation of the heart!

Now is it any wonder that young ladies, managed in this way, are not able and willing to do housework? Their dress, manner of living,

habits of thinking, all have a direct tendency to engender and confirm disease. Hence spinal complaint, dyspepsia, heart disease, consumption, etc., are the legitimate results. If we would have our daughters healthy, let us see that these and kindred evils are corrected. Let them lay aside the strait jacket and adopt a dress which allows the free motion of every joint and muscle, and the full expansion of the chest; exchange their novels for histories, biography, poetry, etc., take at least half an hour's exercise in the open air daily, during pleasant weather; retire and rise early; exchange the hot cakes and coffee for cool bread and pure water; eat no rich dinners or late suppers; open the blinds, and let the light shine in upon them, if you would not have them look like plants which grew in the cellar; take them into the kitchen, and instruct them in the various branches of housewifery; do not be afraid of soiling their hands—they are much more easily cleansed than their hearts. And knowing how to perform the domestic duties of the household only helps to make a true lady, nor will it lower them in the estimation of any man whose respect is worth securing.

Washing, baking, and sweeping need not prevent your daughters from becoming expert musicians, finished painters, profound mathematicians, or good wives.—[*Life Illustrated*.]

CLOUDS.—There is certainly something mysterious in the clouds, and certain kinds have often a wonderful influence over us. They march, and would take us up with their cool shadows and bear us away; and while their forms are lovely and variegated, their brightness and the splendid light that then reigns on the earth, are like a prophecy of an unknown, ineffable glory. But there are also dim, and grave, and terrible forms of clouds; in which all the terrors of the ancient night appear to assail us. The heaven appears as if it would never become clear again, the cheerful blue is expunged, and a lurid copper-red, on a black grey ground, awakes terror and awe in every breast.

CONSCIENCE.—Conscience is the inborn mediator in every man. It is God's vicegerent upon earth, and is therefore regarded by many as the highest and the last. Conscience is man's most proper essence completely transfigured—the celestial, aboriginal man. It is not that, or this, it commands in general propositions, it consists not of single virtues. There is but one virtue—the pure earnest will which in moments of decision resolves and chooses immediately. In living and peculiar indivisibility it inhabits and animates the delicate symbol of the human body, and avails to call the spiritual members into truest activity.

AS FAR as possible, avoid all shams. They may not afflict other people, but they hurt the wearer. I cannot endure the moral depravity of false collars and false bosoms. They are Barnums—humbug—dishonesty.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

All doubt in regard to the presence of Mr. Lyon in the neighborhood, as affirmed by Mr. Lamar and others, had, as we have seen, passed from the mind of Markland. He was entirely satisfied that the individual seen by these men was Mr. Willet. But since the refusal of Brainard, regarded as one of the shrewdest men in the city, to enter into a speculation, to him so full of promise, he did not feel altogether easy in mind. He had spoken more from impulse than sound judgment, when he declared it to be his purpose to risk forty thousand dollars in the scheme, instead of twenty thousand. A cooler state left room for doubts. What did he really know of Mr. Lyon, on whose discretion, as an agent, so much would depend? The question intruded itself, like an unwelcome guest; and his effort to answer it to his own satisfaction, was in vain. Had he been in possession of his daughter's secret, all would have been plain before him. Not for an instant would he have hesitated about keeping faith with a man who could so deceive him.

"I must see Mr. Fenwick again,"—he said, in his perplexity, after leaving the office of Mr. Brainard. "Forty thousand dollars is a large sum to invest; and I shall have to sell some of my best property to raise it—property, yearly increasing in value. Twenty thousand I could have managed by parting with stocks. What folly in Brainard! I'm sadly out with him. Yes, I must see Mr. Fenwick immediately."

In the next train that left for New York, Mr. Markland was a passenger. A hurried note, received by his family, that evening, announced the fact of his journey, and threw a deeper shadow on the heart of his troubled wife.

Vainly had Mrs. Markland striven to gain the unreserved confidence of Fanny. The daughter's lips were sealed. Pressing importunity plainly wrought something akin to estrangement; and so, with tears in her eyes, and anguish in her heart, the mother turned from her pale-faced child, and left her alone. An hour after being surprised by her mother at the Fountain Grove, Fanny glided into her own room, and turned the key. The letter of Mr. Lyon was still in her bosom, and now, with eager hands, she drew it forth, and read to the end—

—"*Beloved one!* How often have I blessed the kind Providence that led me into your presence. How strange are these things! For years, I have moved amid a blaze of beauty, and coldly turned away from a thousand glittering attractions. But,

when my eyes first saw you, there was a pause in my heart's pulsations. I felt that my soul's companion was discovered to me. That, henceforth, my life and yours were to blend. Ah, dear one! Wonder not, that, from a hasty impulse, I decided to return and see your father. I fear, now, that the cause most strongly influencing me, was the desire to look upon your face, and feel the thrilling touch of your hand once more. Perhaps it is well he was absent, for I am not so sure that his cooler judgment would have seen sufficient cause for the act. All is going on now just as he, and I, and all concerned, could wish; and not for the world would I have him know, *at present*, our secret. Stolen waters they say are sweet. I know not. But, that brief, stolen interview at the fountain, was full of sweetness to me. You looked the very Naiad of the place—pure, spiritual, the embodiment of all things lovely. Forgive this warmth of feeling. I would not wound the instinctive delicacy of a heart like yours. Only believe me sincere. Will you not write to me? Direct your letters, under cover, to D. C. L., Baltimore P. O., and they will be immediately forwarded. I will write you weekly. The same hand that conveys this, will see that my letters reach you. Farewell, beloved one!

LEE LYON."

Five times did Fanny attempt to answer this, and as often were her letters destroyed by her own hands. Her sixth, if not more to her own satisfaction, she sealed, and subscribed as directed. It read thus:—

"MR. LEE LYON:—MY DEAR SIR—Your unexpected visit, and equally unexpected letter, have bewildered and distressed me. You enjoin a continued silence in regard to your return from the South. Oh, sir! Remove that injunction as quickly as possible, for every hour that it remains, increases my unhappiness. You have separated between me and my good mother,—you are holding me back from throwing myself on her bosom, and letting her see every thought of my soul. I cannot very long endure the present. Why not at once write to my father, and explain all to him? He must know that you came back, and the sooner, it seems to me, will be the better. If I do not betray the fact, waking, I shall surely do it in my sleep; for I think of it all the time. Mother surprised me while reading your letter. I am afraid she saw it in my hand. She importuned me to give her my full confidences; and to refuse was one of the hardest trials of my life. I feel that I am changing under this new, painful experience. The ordeal is too fiery. If it continues much longer, I shall cease to be what I was when you were here; and you will find me, on your return, so changed as to be no longer worthy of your love. Oh, sir! Pity the child you have awakened from a peaceful, happy dream, into a real life of mingled pain and joy. From the cup you have placed to my lips, I drink with an eager thirst. The draught is delicious to the taste, but it intoxicates—nay, maddens me!

"Write back to me at once, dear Mr. Lyon! I shall count the minutes as hours, until your letter comes. Let the first words be—'Tell all to your

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by T. S. ARTHUR & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

mother.' If you cannot write this, we must be as strangers, for I will not bind myself to a man who would make me untrue to my parents. You say that you love me. Love seeks another's happiness. If you really love me, seek my happiness. FANNY."

Many times did Fanny read over this letter before resolving to send it. Far, very far, was it from satisfying her. She feared that it was too cold—too repellant—too imperative. But, it gave the true alternative. She was not yet ready to abandon father and mother, for one who had thrown a spell over her heart almost as strong as the enchantment of a sorcerer; and she wished him distinctly to understand this.

Mr. Lyon was in a southern city, when this letter came into his hands. He was sitting at a table, covered with various documents, to the contents of which he had been giving a long and earnest attention, when a servant brought in a number of letters from the post-office. He selected from the package one post-marked Baltimore, and broke the seal in a hurried, and rather nervous manner. As he opened it, an enclosure fell upon the table. It was superscribed with his name, in the delicate hand of a woman. This was Fanny's letter.

A careful observer would have seen more of selfish triumph in the gleam that shot across his face, than true love's warm delight. The glow faded into a look of anxiety, as he commenced unfolding the letter, which he read with compressed lips. A long breath, as if a state of suspense were relieved, followed the perusal. Then he sat, for some moments, very still, and lost in thought.

"We'll see about that," he murmured at length, laying the letter of Fanny aside, and taking up sundry other letters which had come by the same mail. For more than an hour, these engrossed his attention. Two of them, one from Mr. Markland, were answered during the time.

"Now, sweetheart," he said, almost lightly, as he took Fanny's letter from the table. Every word was read over again, his brows gradually contracting as he proceeded.

"There is some spirit about the girl; more than I had thought. My going back was a foolish blunder. But the best will have to be made of it. Not a whisper must come to Mr. Markland. That is a settled point. But how is the girl to be managed?"

Lyon mused for a long time.

"Dear child!" He now spoke with a tender expression. "I have laid too heavy a weight on your young heart, and I wish it were in my power to remove it; but it is not."

He took a pen, as he said this, and commenced writing an answer to Fanny's letter:—

"DEAREST ONE:—Tell all to your mother; but, in doing so, let it be clearly in your mind, that an eternal separation between us must follow as a consequence. I do not say this as a threat—ah, no! Nor are you to understand that I will be offended. No—no—nothing of this. I only speak of what must come as the sure result. The moment your father learns that I was at Woodbine Lodge, and had an interview with his daughter, at a time when he thought

me far, distant, our business, and personal relations must cease. He will misjudge me from evidence to his mind powerfully conclusive; and I shall be unable to disabuse him of error, because appearances are against me. But I put you in entire freedom. Go to your mother—confide to her everything; and, if it be possible, get back the peace of which my coming unhappily robbed you. Think not of any consequences to me—fatal though they should prove. The wide world is before me still.

"And now, dear Fanny! If our ways in life must part, let us hold each other at least in a kind remembrance. It will ever grieve me to think that our meeting occasioned a ripple to disturb the tranquil surface of your feelings. I could not help loving you—and for that I am not responsible. Alas! that, in loving, I should bring pain to the heart of the beloved one.

"But, why say more? Why trouble your spirit by revealing the disturbance of mine? Heaven bless you and keep you, Fanny, and may your sky be ever bathed in sunshine! I leave my destiny in your hands, and pray for strength to bear the worst.

Adieu. L. L."

There was a flitting smile on the lips of the young Englishman, as he folded and sealed this letter, and a look of assurance on his face, that little accorded with the words he had just written. Again he took up his pen and wrote—

"MY DEAR D. C. L.:—Faithful as ever you have proved in this affair, which is growing rather too complicated, and beginning to involve too many interests. Miss Markland is fretting sadly under the injunction of secrecy, and says that I must release her from the obligation not to mention my hasty return from the South. And so I have written to her, that she may divulge the fact to her mother. You start, and I hear you say—'Is the man mad?' No, not mad, my friend; or, if mad, with a method in his madness. Fanny will not tell her mother. Trust me for that. The consequences I have clearly set forth—probable ruin to my prospects, and an eternal separation between us. Do you think she will choose this alternative? Not she. 'Imprudent man! To risk so much for a pretty face!' I hear you exclaim. Not all for a pretty face, my grave friend. The alliance, if it can be made, is a good one. Markland, as far as I can learn, is as rich as a Jew; he has a bold, suggestive mind, a large share of enthusiasm, and is, take him all in all, just the man we want actively interested in our scheme. Brainard, he writes me, has backed out. I don't like that; and I like still less the reason assigned for his doing so. 'A foolish report that you were seen in the city some days after your departure for the South, has disturbed his confidence, and he positively refuses to be a partner in the arrangement.' That looks bad; doesn't it? Markland seems not to have the slightest suspicion, and says that he will take the whole forty thousand interest himself, if necessary. He was going, immediately, to New York, to consult with Mr. Fenwick. A good move. Fenwick understands himself thoroughly, and will manage our gentleman.

"Get the enclosed safely into the hands of Fanny; and with as little delay as possible. I am growing rather nervous about the matter. Be very discreet. The slightest error might ruin all. If possible, manage to come in contact with Brainard, and hear how he talks of me, and of our enterprise. You will know how to neutralize any gratuitous assertions he may feel inclined to make. Also, got, by some means, access to Mr. Markland. I want your close observation in this quarter. Write me promptly and

fully, and, for the present, direct to me here. I shall proceed no further for the present.

As ever, yours,

L. L."

CHAPTER XIX.

The visit to New York, and interview with Mr. Fenwick, fully assured Mr. Markland, and he entered into a formal agreement to invest the sum of forty thousand dollars in the proposed scheme; ten thousand dollars to be paid down at once, and the balance at short dates. He remained away two days, and then returned to make immediate arrangements for producing the money. The ten thousand dollars were raised by the sale of State six per cent. stocks, a transaction that at once reduced his annual income about six hundred dollars. The sum was transmitted to New York.

"Have you re-considered that matter?" inquired Markland, a few days after his return, on meeting with Mr. Brainard.

"No, but I hope you have," was answered in a serious tone.

"I have been to New York since I saw you."

"Ah! And seen Mr. Fenwick again?"

"Yes."

"Did you mention the report of Lyon's return?"

"I did."

"How did it strike him?"

"As preposterous, of course."

"He did not credit the story?"

"Not he."

"Well, I hope for your sake, that all will come out right."

"Never fear."

"By the way," said Mr. Brainard, "what do you really know about Fenwick? You appear to have the highest confidence in his judgment. Does this come from a personal knowledge of the man, or are you governed in your estimate by common report?"

"He is a man of the first standing in New York. No name, in money circles, bears a higher reputation."

Brainard slightly shrugged his shoulders.

"The common estimate of a man, in any community, is apt to be very near the truth," said Mr. Markland.

"Generally speaking, this is so," was replied. "But every now and then, the public mind is startled by exceptions to the rule—and these exceptions have been rather frequent of late years. As for Fenwick, he stands fair enough, in a general way. If he were to send me an order for five thousand dollars' worth of goods, I would sell him, were I a merchant, without hesitation. But, to embark with him in a scheme of so much magnitude, is another thing altogether, and I wonder at myself, now, that I was induced to consider the matter at all. Since my withdrawal, and cooler thought on the subject, I congratulate myself, daily, on the escape I have made."

"Escape! From what?" Mr. Markland looked surprised.

"From loss; it may be, ruin."

"You would hardly call the loss of twenty thousand dollars, ruin."

"Do you expect to get off with an investment of only twenty thousand dollars?" asked Mr. Brainard.

"No; for I have agreed to put in forty thousand."

Brainard shook his head ominously, and looked very grave.

"I knew of no other man in the city with whom I cared to be associated; and so, after you declined, took the whole amount that was to be raised here, myself."

"A hasty and unwise act, believe me, Mr. Markland," said the other. "How soon do you expect returns from this investment?"

"Not for a year, at least."

"Say not for two years."

"Well—admit it. What then?"

"Your annual income is at once diminished in the sum of about twenty-five hundred dollars, the interest on these forty thousand dollars. So, at the end of two years, you are the loser of five thousand dollars by your operation."

"It would be, if the new business paid nothing. But, when it begins to pay, it will be at the rate of one or two hundred per cent. on the amounts paid in."

"May be so."

"Oh! I am sure of it."

"The whole scheme has a fair front, I will admit," answered Brainard. "But I have seen so many days that rose in sunshine go down in storm, that I have ceased to be over confident. If forty thousand were the whole of your investment, you might, for so large a promised return, be justified in taking the risk."

"Mr. Fenwick thinks nothing further will be required," said Markland.

"But, don't you remember the letter, in which he stated, distinctly, that several assessments would, in all probability be made, pro rata, on each partner?"

"Yes; and I called Mr. Fenwick's attention to that statement; for I did not care to go beyond forty thousand."

"What answer did he make?"

"Later intelligence had exhibited affairs in such a state of progress, that it was now certain no further advance of capital would be required."

"I hope not, for your sake," returned Brainard.

"I am sure not," said Markland, confidently.

A third party here interrupted the conversation, and the two men separated.

As might be supposed, this interview did not leave the most agreeable impression on the feelings of Markland. The fact that in selling stocks and other property to the amount of forty thousand dollars, and locking up that large sum in an unproductive investment, he would diminish his yearly income over twenty-five hundred dollars, did not present the most agreeable view of the case. He had not thought of this, distinctly, before. A little sobered in mind, he returned homeward during the afternoon. Ten thousand dollars had gone forward to New York; and in the course of the next week, he must produce a sum of equal magnitude. To do this, would require the sale of a

piece of real estate that had, in five years, been doubled in value, and which promised to be worth still more. He felt a particular reluctance to selling this property; and the necessity for doing so, worried his mind considerably. "Better let well enough alone." "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." One after another, these trite little sayings would come up in his thoughts, unbidden, as if to add to his mental disquietude.

In spite of his efforts to thrust them aside, and to get back his strong confidence in the new business, Mr. Markland's feelings steadily declined towards a state of unpleasant doubt. Reason as he would on the subject, he could not overcome the depression from which he suffered.

"I am almost sorry that I was tempted to embark in this business," he at length said to himself, the admission being extorted by the pressure on his feelings. "If I could, with honor and safety, withdraw, I believe I would be tempted to do so. But that is really not to be thought of now. My hands have grasped the plough, and there must be no wavering or looking back. This is all an unworthy weakness."

Mr. Markland had gained the entrance to Woodbine Lodge; but he was in no state of mind to join his family. So he alighted and sent his carriage forward, intending to linger on his way to the house, in order to regain his lost equilibrium. He had been walking alone for only a few minutes, with his eyes upon the ground, when a crackling noise among the underwood caused him to look up, and turn himself in the direction from which the sound came. In doing so, he caught sight of the figure of a man, retiring through the trees, and evidently, from his movements, anxious to avoid observation. Mr. Markland stood still and gazed after him until his figure passed from sight. The impression this incident made upon him was unpleasant. The person of the stranger was so much hidden by trees, that he could make out no resemblance whatever.

It was near that part of Mr. Markland's grounds known as the Fountain Grove, where this occurred, and the man, to all appearance, had been there. The impulse for him to turn aside was, therefore, but natural, and he did so. Passing through a stile, and ascending by a few steps, to the level of the ornamented grounds surrounding the grove and fountain, the first object he saw was his daughter Fanny, moving hastily in the direction of the summer-house, which has been described. She was only a short distance in advance. Mr. Markland quickened his steps, as a vague feeling of uneasiness came over him. The coincidence of the stranger and his daughter's presence, produced a most unpleasant impression.

"Fanny!" he called.

That his daughter heard him, he knew by the start she gave. But instead of looking around, she sprang forward, and hastily entered the summer-house. For a moment or two she was hidden from his view, and in that short period

she had snatched a letter from the table, and concealed it in her bosom. Not sufficiently schooled in the art of self-control was Fanny, to meet her father with a calm face. Her cheeks were flushed, and her chest rose and fell in hurried respiration, as Mr. Markland entered the summer-house, where she had seated herself.

"You are frightened, my child," said he, fixing his eyes with a look of inquiry on her face. "Didn't you see me, as I turned in from the carriage-way?" he added.

"No, sir," was falteringly answered. "I did not know that you had returned from the city until I heard your voice. It came so unexpectedly that I was startled."

Fanny, as she said this, did not meet her father's gaze, but let her eyes rest upon the ground.

"Are you going to remain here?" asked Mr. Markland.

"I came to spend a little while alone, in this sweet place, but I will go back to the house if you wish it," she replied.

"Perhaps you had better do so. I saw a strange man between this and the main road, and he seemed as if he desired to avoid observation."

Fanny started and looked up, with an expression of fear, into her father's face. The origin of that look, Mr. Markland did not rightly conjecture. She arose at once, and said—

"Let us go home."

But few words passed between father and daughter on the way, and their brief intercourse was marked by a singular embarrassment on both sides.

How little suspicion of the real truth was in the mind of Mr. Markland! Nothing was farther from his thought than the idea that Fanny had just received a letter from Mr. Lyon, and that the man he had seen was the messenger by whom the missive had been conveyed to the summer-house. A minute earlier, and that letter would have come into his hands. How instantly would a knowledge of its contents have affected all the purposes that were now leading him on with almost the blindness of infatuation. The man he was trusting so implicitly would have instantly stood revealed as a scheming, unprincipled adventurer. In such estimation, at least, he must have been held by Mr. Markland, and his future actions would have been governed by that estimate.

The answer to Fanny's earnest, almost peremptory demand, to be released from the injunction not to tell her parents of Mr. Lyon's return, was in her possession, and the instant she could get away to her own room, she tore the letter open. The reader already knows its contents. The effect upon her was paralyzing. He had said that she was in freedom to speak, but the consequences portrayed were too fearful to contemplate. In freedom? No! Instead of loosing the cords with which he had bound her spirit, he had only drawn them more tightly. She was in freedom to speak, but the very first word she uttered, would sound the knell of her young heart's fondest hopes. How, then, could

she speak that word? Lyon had not miscalculated the effect of his letter on the inexperienced, fond young girl, around whose innocent heart he had woven a spell of enchantment. Most adroitly had he seemed to leave her free to act from her own desires, while he had made that action next to impossible.

How rapidly, sometimes, does the young mind gain premature strength when subjected to strong trial. Little beyond an artless child was Fanny Markland when she first met the fascinating young stranger; and now she was fast growing into a deep-feeling, strong-thinking woman. Hitherto she had leaned with tender confidence on her parents, and walked the paths lovingly where they led the way. Now she was moving, with unaided footsteps, along a new and rugged road, that led she knew not whither; for clouds and darkness were in the forward distance. And, at every step, she found a new strength and a new power of endurance growing up in her young spirit. Thought, too, was becoming clearer and stronger. The mature woman had suddenly taken the place of the shrinking girl.

CHAPTER XX.

Half the night, following the receipt of Mr. Lyon's letter, was spent in writing an answer. Imploringly she besought him to release her, truly, from the obligation to secrecy with which he had bound her. Most touchingly did she picture her state of mind, and the change wrought by it upon her mother. "I cannot bear this much longer," she said. "I am too weak for the burden you have laid upon me. It must be taken away soon, or I will sink under the weight. Oh! sir, if, as you say, you love me, prove that love by restoring me to my parents. Now, though present with them in body, I am removed from them in spirit. My mother's voice has a strange sound in my ears; and when she gazes sadly into my face, I can hardly believe that it is my mother who is looking upon me. If she touches me, I start as if guilty of a crime. Oh, sir! To die would be easy for me now. What a sweet relief utter forgetfulness would be."

When Fanny awoke on the next morning, she found her mother standing beside her bed, and gazing down upon her face with a tender, anxious look. Sleep had cleared the daughter's thoughts, and tranquilized her feelings. As her mother bent over and kissed her, she threw her arms around her neck, and clung to her tightly.

"My dear child!" said Mrs. Markland, in a loving voice.

"Dear, dear mother!" was answered, with a gush of feeling.

"Something is troubling you, Fanny. You are greatly changed. Will you not open your heart to me?"

"Oh, mother!" She sobbed out the words.

"Am I not your truest friend?" said Mrs. Markland, speaking calmly, but very tenderly.

Fanny did not reply.

"Have I ever proved myself unworthy of your confidence?" She spoke as if from wounded feeling.

"Oh, no, no, dearest mother!" exclaimed Fanny. "How can you ask me such a question?"

"You have withdrawn your confidence," was almost coldly said.

"Oh, mother!" And Fanny drew her arms more tightly about her mother's neck, kissing her cheek passionately as she did so.

A little while Mrs. Markland waited, until her daughter's mind grew calmer; then she said—

"You are concealing from me something that troubles you. Whatever troubles you, is of sufficient importance to be entrusted to your mother. I am older, have had more experience than you, and am your best friend. Not to confide in me is unjust to yourself, for, in my counsels, more than in those of your own heart, is there safety."

Mrs. Markland paused, and waited for some time, but there was no response from Fanny. She then said—

"You have received a letter from Mr. Lyon."

Fanny started as if a sudden blow had aroused her.

"And concealed the fact from your mother."

No answer; only bitter weeping.

"May I see that letter?" asked the mother, after a short pause. For nearly a minute she waited for a reply. But there was not a word from Fanny, who now lay as still as death. Slowly Mrs. Markland disengaged her arm from her daughter's neck, and raised herself erect. For the space of two or three minutes she sat on the bed side. All this time, there was not the slightest movement on the part of Fanny. Then she arose and moved slowly across the room. Her hand was on the door, and the sound of the latch broke the silence of the room. At this instant, the unhappy girl started up, and cried in tones of anguish—

"Oh, my mother! My mother! Come back."

Mrs. Markland returned slowly, and with the air of one who hesitated. Fanny leaned forward against her, and wept freely.

"It is not yet too late, my child, to get back the peace of mind which this concealment has destroyed. Mr. Lyon has written to you?"

"Yes, mother."

"May I see his letter?"

There was no answer.

"Still, not willing to trust your best friend," said Mrs. Markland.

"Can I trust you?" said Fanny, raising herself up suddenly, and gazing steadily into her mother's face. Mrs. Markland was startled as well by the words of her daughter, as by the strange expression of her countenance.

"Trust me! What do you mean by such words?" she answered.

"If I tell you a secret, will you, at least for a little while, keep it in your own heart?"

"Keep it from whom?"

"From father."

"You frighten me, my child! What have you to do with a secret that must be kept from your father?"

"I did not desire its custody."

"If it concerns your own or your father's wel-

fare, so much the more is it imperative on you to speak to him freely. No true friend could lay upon you such an obligation, and the quicker you throw it off the better. What is the nature of this secret?"

"I cannot speak unless you promise me."

"Promise what?"

"To conceal from father what I tell you."

"I can make no such promise, Fanny."

"Then I am bound hand and foot," said the poor girl, in a distressed voice.

A long silence followed. Then the mother used argument and persuasion to induce Fanny to unbosom herself. But the effort was fruitless.

"If you promise to keep my secret for a single week, I will speak," said the unhappy girl, at length.

"I promise," was reluctantly answered.

"You know," answered Fanny, "it was rumored that Mr. Lyon had returned from the South while father was in New York." She did not look up at her mother as she said this.

"Yes," Mrs. Markland spoke eagerly.

"It is true that he was here."

"And you saw him?"

"Yes. I was sitting alone in the summer-house, over at the Fountain Grove, on the day after father went to New York, when I was frightened at seeing Mr. Lyon. He inquired anxiously if father were at home, and was much troubled when I told him that he had gone to New York. He said that he had written to him to transact certain business, and that after writing he had seen reason to change his views, and fearing that a letter might not reach him in time, had hurried back, in order to have a personal interview, but arrived too late. Father had already left for New York. This being so, he started back for the South at once, after binding me to a brief secrecy. He said that the fact of his return, if it became known to father, might be misunderstood by him, and the consequence of such a misapprehension would be serious injury to important interests. So far I have kept this secret, mother, and it has been to me a painful burden. You have promised to keep it for a single week."

"And this is all?" said Mrs. Markland, looking anxiously into her daughter's face.

"No, not all," Fanny spoke firmly. "I have since received two letters from him."

"May I see them?"

Fanny hesitated for some moments, and then going to a drawer, took two letters therefrom, and handed one of them to her mother. Mrs. Markland read it eagerly.

"You answered this?" she said.

"Yes."

"What did you say?"

"I cannot repeat my words. I was half beside myself, and only begged him to let me speak to you freely."

"And his reply?" said Mrs. Markland.

"Read it," and Fanny gave her the second letter.

"Have you answered this?" inquired Mrs. Markland, after reading it over twice.

Fanny moved across the room again, and taking from the same drawer another letter, folded and sealed, broke the seal, and gave it to her mother.

"My poor, bewildered, unhappy child!" said Mrs. Markland, in a voice unsteady from deep emotion; and she gathered her arms tightly around her. "How little did I dream of the trials through which you were passing. But, now that I know all, let me be your counsellor, your supporter. You will be guided by me!"

"And you will not break your promise?" said Fanny.

"What promise?"

"To keep this from father a single week, or, until I can write to Mr. Lyon, and give him the chance of making the communication himself. This seems to me but just to him, as some interests, unknown to us, are at stake."

"Believe me, my daughter, it will be wisest to let your father know this at once."

"A week can make but little difference," urged Fanny.

"Consequences to your father, of the utmost importance, may be at stake. He is, I fear, involving himself with this man."

"Mr. Lyon is true and honorable," said Fanny.

"He committed an error, that is all. Let him at least have the privilege of making his own explanations. I will add to my letter that only for a week longer can I keep his secret, and to make an immediate revelation imperative on him, will say that you know all, and will reveal all at the end of that time, if he does not."

No considerations that Mrs. Markland could urge had any effect to change the purpose of Fanny in this matter.

"I must hold you to your promise," was the brief, final answer to every argument set forth by her mother.

How far she might hold that promise sacred, was a subject of long and grave debate in the mind of Mrs. Markland. But, we will not here anticipate her decision.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COMMUNING WITH ONE'S SELF.—A person of a truly philosophic mind would seldom wish to forego the inestimable privilege of communing with himself. Sir Walter Scott says in his diary:

"From the earliest time I can remember, I preferred the pleasure of being alone, to wishing for visitors, and have often taken a bannock and a bit of cheese to the wood or hill, to avoid dining in company. As I grew from boyhood to manhood, I saw this would not do, and to gain a place in men's esteem, I must mix with them. Pride and exaltation of spirits often supplied the real pleasure which others seem to feel in society; yet mine, certainly, upon many occasions, was real. Still, if the question was eternal company, without the power of retiring within yourself, or solitary confinement for life, I should say, 'Turn-key, lock the cell.'"

JOTTINGS BY MY WINDOW SILL.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

NO. IV.—REVEALINGS OF A HEART.

The heart has its mystery, and who may reveal it,
Or who ever read in the depth of their own,
How much we never may speak of, yet feel it,
But even in feeling it, know it unknown.

MISS LANDON.

The revealings of the heart! How deep, how strange, how varied they are! How they come to us in all their primitive glory—lavish with the first adornments of the developing soul—melodious with the rich tones that broke forth when life was “sinless as is a sister’s kiss.” Then they come in their meridian fullness—still delightful in their murmurings—but tinged with a deeper melancholy. Anon—when our brows are lined with age and care, and amid our locks are “sands of silver gleaming”—these later-day revealings start up like lengthening shadows in the twilight of our years. Retrospection passes through the cloisters of the heart, and increases and subdues at will the light as it falls upon the pencillings of the past, or like an exhumed artist, retouches—already lasting in their limnings—the old familiar faces on the walls.

I am sitting by my open window. How beautiful the flowers look! How sweet their fragrance as it comes up to me on the quiet air. They constitute a leaf in Nature’s volume from which our poets draw their deepest draughts of inspiration. There is an oratory that speaks to us in perfumed silence, and there is tenderness, and passion, and even the light-heartedness of mirth, in the variegated hues of their vocabulary. Yet though the flowers unfold their soft petals to the light—though the cool breeze whispers with an airy fellowship the world of green among—though the birds sing joyously—though the fountains send up their streams of molten silver, and through the winding walks and sequestered grottoes, the play of light and shadow is such as would fill a poet’s soul with ecstasy—yet though Nature seems laughing out in all her early triumph—I am not happy. No—there is blood upon my soul! Not blood in its crimson dripping—such as drives delirium to the brain—such as gluts the morbid longing for revenge, or lights up the dull grey eye of avarice. No—but blood just as avenging in its restlessness and quietude. Yes—though I am beautiful yet in the waning flush of my womanhood—though the rose-tint vies with the lily-whiteness of my cheeks—the luxuriant curls in gentle ripples bathe the graceful throat, and the eye is still fascinating, though anxious and uneasy in its glancing—there is a dark shadow on my soul. I consigned by my heartlessness, a deep, loving, trusting soul to an early grave. As the twilight is nestling with its crimson cheek upon the soft breast of evening,

come welling up, in their cold, icy brilliancy, the revealings of my heart!

Oh! pretty, peerless boy! Oh! I was unworthy of such a lasting love as thine!

“A proud and passionate boy was he,
Like all the children of poesy!”

His eyes were large and expressive. Now soft, capacious as a cloudless sky, dreamy from their looking upwards. Anon, quick, restless, flashing, yet exquisite withal. Beautiful as they gazed in their fondness into mine—beautiful as they swam in the soft light of forgetfulness—beautiful when they corruscated like diamonds, flashing with brilliancy as some startling master-thought knelt to breathe an orison at the deep soul’s inmost shrine—beautiful when closed, and the long silken lashes slept like a shadow on the pale, soft cheek.

I loved him fondly, devotedly. Though his senior in years, in love, and in artifice, there was something that bound my soul irresistibly to his. I loved to lie with my head upon his bosom—to look up into his face and drink inspiration from his very glance. There was something spell-binding, fascinating, in listening to his sweet voice, as in its winsome modulations it breathed out the poetry of the soul—unsophisticated poetry—but deep in its conception, sublime in its imagery, entrancing in its witchery. Like a bee, exhausted with a world of sweets, and clinging undecided to the last flower of its visit, clung I to the words of his rich, deep, soul-stirring oratory. We at last became affianced to each other. We parted for months. He to think, to dream of me—to worship—to idolize—adore. I—to forget! O what a cruel indifference came over my soul. Wretch that I was—to win a deep, loving, trusting heart, only to heap the waters back upon it in the gale of their bitterness! Other suitors paid homage to my beauty. I began to think less and less of my boy-lover, as I called him. I imagined that I had only *liked*, and not loved him. When we met—I spurned him. God forgive me that! He came back—glorious in his manhood—older in experience and judgment—more deep, lasting and vivifying in his affections. He chided me not in words—but the thrilling look of reproach he gave me passed like an iron through my soul. He never spoke of by-gone days. We met as strangers. Disappointment and despair drew their deep lines upon his expressive features. He struggled on in the splendor of his pathway—startling the world with the depth of his research—the originality of his conceptions—the vivacity and sublimity of his poetical waifs, which seemed

destined to live fresh forever in the waters of their own purity. Ah! I found that I loved that boy-lover still! How I longed to go down to the grave in the light of his presence—to ever drink in the loving aspirations of his soul—those aspirations which the world cared not for in their surfeit—to throw my arms around him as of erst—to press his burning lips to mine—my once betrothed! But I was too proud to acknowledge my error. Accursed pride! that warped my own soul, and consigned him to an early grave. Pride is a stern jailor to the heart. As the key grates in the heavy lock—love turns to feed upon its own deep yearnings—and while the world without thinks it is impervious as adamant—it is burning to ashes on the altar of its own ungratified desires.

I had just alighted from a diligence at Florence—Florence the beautiful!—gay and changing as Paris—glorious as Naples—enchancing as Venice! A hand was laid upon my shoulder; upon turning around I beheld a middle aged man—grave and sedate in his deportment, and wearing a confiding air of kindness and benevolence.

"Pardon this seeming impertinence, madam," he said, "my name is Peritout. I am a physician. There is a young American lying sick in a house in the adjoining street. He is about dying. His malady is a mental one. In his wild ravings he repeats continually the very name I observe upon your baggage. If you are that person, for God's sake come and save him."

I knew who he meant! The idol of my soul—yes for months the worshipped idol—was dying in Florence—alone, uncared for and unthought of. The blood seemed to leap in my very veins. My conductor led the way. We reached the place. There he lay upon a bed of death. The same high, spiritual forehead, was there—the same pretty, curling locks—but oh! how otherwise changed! He opened his eyes and gazed intomine. How they flashed! How entrancing they were in their wild beauty! How they harrowed up my soul in the loveliness of their delirium! His thin lips moved. I bent my ear close to them. "Sweet Leonore! beloved of my soul!" they murmured. Oh, God! he was thinking of me! He was raving—dying—he wished I was near him to soothe his dying pillow. Oh, but that was bitter! The arrow of my heartlessness was festering in my own bosom. I was there, but he knew it not. My soft, white arms were around him, but he felt them not. My lips were pressed to his—my eyes were searching for recognition in his—my repentant tears were glistening among the raven locks that shaded his pale, intellectual features. I breathed his name. I repeated the vows that once had made his heart to leap so joyously. His own words were killing me—withering up my very soul—yet with my loosened hair shutting out our faces like a veil from the gaze of the physician, I bent down to catch every sound, and to kiss his forehead growing dewy in death. He was true to me to the last. He loved me, re-

gardless of my waywardness. I had still been the guiding star of his path—the aim of his aspirations—the enshrined idol of his soul. Oh! what would I not have done to have called him back to happiness and life! If he would only recognize me, I cried—if he would only breathe my name in consciousness—and knew I knelt in prayer by his side. How I shrank into nothingness in the sweet trust of his presence! The smuggler of Zante shrank not back more, as the white hands of the pretty flower girl loomed up beseechingly above the wavy horror of his dying retrospect—than I did in that awful stillness.

He died. Life has no glory for me now. The shroud, the coffin and the falling clay, have woven a sweetness, a longing around my heart. Soon they will lower me, too, in the old churchyard.

YOUNG AND OLD.

We were but foolish, dear,
When we were young;
Hasty and ignorant,
Daring and strong;
Clutching the red grapes
Of passion or power—
Ah, they were wild grapes,
Cankered and sour!
Would we call back those years,
Strange, ghostly throng?
No. But be tender, love,
We were but young!

Now, growing wiser, dear,
While growing old,
No pure thought perished yet,
No warm hope cold,
We'll reap, who sowed in tears;
Scattering abroad;
Living for all mankind,
Living to God;
Holding each other safe
In a firm fold:—
We shall be happy, love,
Now we are old.

—[Chambers' Journal.]

A CASE came to our knowledge lately, of a merchant who, for more than a quarter of a century, had not been known, when in health, to be away from his business later than seven in the morning, or to leave it earlier than six in the evening, and who in all the time, had only once been as far as fifty miles from New York. Yet he is worth a quarter of a million dollars, and still devotes himself to accumulating money. We would not analyze such an intellect—we would not go down into such a sepulchre and see what bones and ashes of dead hopes, and spiritual gifts, and blighted sense of beauty, there must be there. From such a grave there can scarcely be a resurrection or hope of life.—[Crayon.]

MONASTERY OF MONREALE IN SICILY.

The cloisters of Monreale are, from their magnificence, extent, and taste, considered the master-piece of the Saraceno-Norman architects, and, though the interval that divides them from the great master-piece of the Moors in Spain is a long one, they are frequently called the "Alhambra of Sicily." The successors of that most energetic soldier of fortune, Count Ruggero, whose adventures are more brilliant even than those of William the Conqueror, spared no pains and no money in decorating this favorite monument of their piety: the vast abbey-church, and nearly every part of the monastery are most elaborately finished. The twisted columns which support the arcades of the cloisters are covered nearly all over with mosaic; and though not large in the diameter of their shafts, these columns are considerable in their number; for, taking in the whole range of the cloisters (of which but a section is shown in the engraving) there are 120 columns, and every one of these is exquisitely finished. Some of their capitals are very curious, being composed of the heads of animals, cut with great spirit. In each division of the cloisters there is a richly ornamented fountain, and as all these are constantly supplied with clear, sparkling, cool water, the effect during the summer heats is delicious. From the shaded poticoes, and the cool open galleries above them, the eyes of the monks rest upon the gardens and groves, abounding in odoriferous shrubs and plants, all kept fresh and doubly fragrant by water gushing forth on all sides, and leaping in marble basins. The wealth and power are departed; the glory of the house is gone; but as a delicious place of residence, the abbey of Monreale remains unrivalled in the south, and was never surpassed even by the abbey of Batalha, in Portugal, of which Mr. Beckford gives such an eloquent description.

After the cloisters, the most striking feature in this monastery is, perhaps, the vast and truly noble stair-case, at the head of which there stand (or at least there stood a few years ago) two large and splendid paintings, one being by Velasques, and the other by Pietro Novelli, a native of the town, and commonly called from it the "Monrealese," or, for greater euphony, "Morealese." His works abound in other parts of the edifice, which also contains many beautiful pieces of sculpture by Gagini, another native artist. The adjoining cathedral church is in the same Saracenic style, but heavier and somewhat less symmetric than the Benedictine house.

In its scenery and accessories the whole neighborhood of Monreale is magic ground. About three miles beyond the abbey is the magnificent monastery of San Martino, situated in a wild and solitary dell, among rocks and mountains. Here also are fine galleries and fountains, pictures and statues. Among many

curiosities of a less questionable nature, the monks pretend to show the identical cup from which Socrates drank his poison. The library of San Martino attracted the attention of Europe last century, by being the scene where the literary forgeries of the Abbate, or Abbe Vella, were discovered and brought to light. This ingenious Sicilian, or this "learned swindler," as he has been called, made himself master of various Arabic dialects by several years study and travelling in the East; and on his return to Sicily, he gave out that he had recovered the lost books of Livy's "Roman History," in an Arabian manuscript, taken from the cornice of the Mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. Before the lively sensation created throughout civilized Europe by the report of this great historical discovery had time to cool, Vella pretended to find, in this very library of San Martino, a perfect Arabic manuscript, treating of the whole history of Sicily during the Saracenic dominion. Arabic scholars were scarce, and money was not. The Abbe and his project became amazingly popular; he received large sums, and went to work with such vigor that he had soon not fewer than six volumes of translations in the press. For some time nothing else was talked of by the *savans* of the east, west, north, and south, who fully expected that, pursuing his fortunate career, the Abbe would recover in similar guise the missing portions of Tacitus and Diodorus Siculus, the Register of Augustus, the Comedies of Menander, and in short, every "lost Pleiad" of Grecian and Roman literature. At length many of the literati even braved Scylla and Charybdis, and went to Sicily for a sight of the inestimable manuscripts. We presume they were, for the most part, not very deep in Arabic; but at last, and in an evil moment for the Abbe, Dr. Hager, a German *doctissimus et eruditissimus*—a wight most profound in oriental languages and literature—pounced upon the manuscripts, and after some examination of the matter and manner, the style, and the dates, pronounced and proved the whole to be a gross forgery. The bubble burst at once; the books were stopped on the eve of publication, and thus perished one of the most successful attempts at literary imposition ever practised on the credulity of the learned.

It is in literature as in painting; if we study departed excellence too intensely we only imitate; we extinguish genius, and sink below our models. If we make ourselves copyists we become inferior to those we copy. The exclusive or continual contemplation of preceding merit contracts our faculties within, *greatly within*, its peculiar circle, and makes even that degree of excellence unattainable which we admire and feed upon.



Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

INTERESTING CONVERSATIONS AND STORIES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.—NO. III.

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE.

"We shall have a clear day, to-morrow," said Aggie's father, and so indeed it turned out. The bright, golden beams of the morning sun early found their way into Aggie's little chamber, and invited her to arise and behold what a beautiful morning it was! She was too sleepy to heed their invitation at first, but as they streamed further and further into her room, and then nestled in all their brightness upon her face, she was soon thoroughly awake; and bounding from her bed, she ran to the window, pushed aside the curtain, and a flood of golden light poured into her room. "Oh! how lovely!" she exclaimed; "how refreshing everything looks! how sweet the flowers do smell! and how pleasant it is, too! neither too hot, nor too cold! I must hurry and dress myself, and take a walk in the garden before breakfast."

"It is too wet, Aggie," said her mother, who had entered the room just in time to hear this last remark. "A great deal of rain has fallen, and the ground in consequence is very wet and damp. You must wait until the sun has dried it, before you walk. But is it not a beautiful morning?"

"Yes, indeed, mother! it is so pleasant!"

"And how sweetly the birds sing, too! And the air—how balmy and invigorating it is! The grass and the flowers covered with drops of water glistening in the morning sun, are far more resplendent than the choicest diamonds. And all this, Aggie, is in a good measure caused by the rain you were so dissatisfied with." The little girl cast down her eyes, but made no reply. "I must leave you now," said her mother, "and while the birds and the flowers are sending forth their tribute of praise, remember my child, the words of the hymn:

"Shall I alone forget to thank
The God who made them all!
Oh! no. I'll humbly bow to Him,
And on my Maker call."

Aggie knew very well what her mother meant

by this gentle hint, and so, after she had dressed herself, she knelt down by her little bed, and thanked God for the sunshine and the rain, and for all His kindness and goodness: and then the breakfast bell rang, and she went down stairs cheerful and happy, humming as she went, the beautiful verse her mother had repeated.

"Wasn't it too bad that it rained so on Saturday?" was the exclamation of one of Aggie's school mates who met her just as she was entering the school yard that morning.

"Yes, it was so," answered several others who stood near, "but it always does rain, or something happens when we want to go anywhere!"

"Hush, girls! you mustn't talk so; just see how much good the rain has done," said Aggie.

"Why, were you not sorry when it began to rain?" asked one.

"Yes, I was sorry and angry too, but my mother talked to me about my behaving so, and showed me how sinful it was, and how much the rain was needed, and so on, that I felt quite ashamed of myself, and I hope I shall never act so again. And then my father and mother told me so many things about the rain that I did not know before, that I don't feel a bit sorry now." And then Aggie told her little school mates all that she related in the last chapter. Some of them felt disposed to doubt some things she said, and as Miss Mary had come and was now in the school room, they resolved to have her opinion about it. Miss Mary confirmed all that Aggie had said, which satisfied both parties; for in their opinion, few persons knew more than she did.

"How does the rain come, Miss Mary?" asked a bright, intelligent looking little boy, who had been listening very attentively to all that was said.

"What do you mean by 'how does the rain come,' Walter?" asked his teacher.

"I mean how does so much water get in the clouds? Does God put it there?"

"Yes, God puts it there, Walter; but would you like to know how?" Walter said he would. "God," said Miss Mary, "made the sun to shine upon the earth, and warm the water in the brooks and rivers and seas. And when the water is warm the vapor rises from it, just like steam does from your mother's tea kettle when the water in it is hot. This vapor rises into the air and makes the clouds, and when the clouds are heavy, they fall upon the earth in rain. Do you understand that, Walter?"

"Yes ma'am. And the rain keeps the brooks and rivers from drying up, or else they would soon be dry like the tea kettle, when all the water boils out of it; wouldn't they, Miss Mary?"

"They would, Walter. When the rain falls upon the earth some of it sinks into the ground, and the drops trickle through the earth till they meet each other, and a little stream is formed under ground, which runs along until it comes to clay, which stops it, because you know water cannot run through clay."

"I know what it does then, Miss Mary. It bursts out of the ground, and forms a spring."

"Yes, and the spring runs along and forms a brook; and brooks running into brooks form rivers, and so on. Thus, you see if there were no brooks, or rivers, or seas, there would be no rain; and if there was no rain, there would be no brooks, or rivers, or seas. The vapor rising from rivers and seas makes the rain; and the rain falling upon the earth makes the rivers and seas. Thus it is with all of God's creation. Every part is dependent upon the other. We too, my dear children, are dependent for happiness in a great measure upon each other. The rich are as much indebted to the poor, as the poor to the rich. The rivers and seas would soon be dried up, if their vapors did not arise and form clouds again to descend upon the earth in refreshing showers; so we, my dear children, would soon become perfectly miserable, and wretched, if we neglect to do what we can for the well being of our friends and companions, and for all around us.

NATURAL BAROMETERS.—Chickweed is an excellent barometer. When the flower expands fully, we are not to expect rain for several hours; should it continue in that state, no rain will disturb the summer's day. When it half conceals its miniature flower, the day is generally showery; but if it entirely shuts up, or veils the white flower with its green mantle, let the traveller put on his great coat. The different species of *Trefoil* always contract their leaves at the approach of a storm; so certainly does this take place that these plants have acquired the name of the *husbandman's barometer*. The *Tulip*, and several of the compound yellow flowers, all close before rain. There is a species of wood sorrel which doubles its leaves before storms. The *Bauhinia*, or mountain ebony, capia, and sensitive plants observe the same habits.

INDIANS FISHING.

The first view given in this number represents Indians fishing on the River Thames. The Thames is the name given to a river of considerable size, which rises in the country between lakes Ontario and Huron, and, after passing several settlements bearing English names, such as Oxford, London, and Chatham, falls into Lake St. Clair. The mode of fishing represented in the engraving, requires a dexterity in its management which scarcely any but an Indian can achieve. Two Indians occupy a canoe in the centre of the stream. One poises himself on each edge of the vessel in front, the other in a similar way behind: each has a fish spear. The canoe, though probably in the centre of a rapid stream, amid rocks, and shoals, and eddies, is kept perfectly steady, and in a straight course, by occasional thrusts and shoves at any object which presents itself—an overhanging or sunken rock, or the broken trunk of a fallen tree. The labor of keeping the boat steady does not interfere with the spearing of the fish, which is carried on in silence, and with unceasing attention. The fish, as caught, are jerked off the spear into the boat; they are afterwards handed over to the women, who clean them, and dry them, by suspending them from a stick over a smoky fire, as represented in the engraving.

The second engraving represents what is termed a British Indian—one of those located near British settlements, and who are under the protection of that government, receiving yearly allowances in manufactured articles and food, in return for having sold their lands. He is represented in the usual costume worn by these Indians, and engaged in fishing in the ice. During winter, when their supplies of dried flesh and fish are exhausted, they resort to this uncomfortable and cold mode of obtaining food. A hole is broken in the ice with a hatchet; a piece of wood carved into the shape of a fish, and colored, to resemble one, having tin fins and tail, and balanced by a piece of lead in the belly, is suspended in the water by a string of gut from a short stick which is held in the left hand. This deception attracts the fish to the spot, when they are struck by the spear held in the right hand, and brought up. When cold, frosty winds prevail, the Indians frequently erect a temporary hut of poles and blankets over the hole which they have made in the ice, with an opening in the top to admit the light; this not only protects them in some measure from the effects of the cold, but also enables them to see the fish more easily, as the rays of the sun on the snow dazzle and injure the eyes. This kind of hut is represented in the engraving. In the distance is a lighthouse on the shores of Lake Huron, and to the left are the rapids of St. Clair, unfrozen, with Fort Gratia belonging to the United States. Fort Gratia is situated at the mouth of the St. Clair, where it issues from Lake Huron.

The Housekeeper's Friend.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

TO MAKE GOOD APPLE JELLY.—Take apples of the best quality and good flavor, (not sweet,) cut them in quarters or slices, and stew them till soft; then strain out the juice, being very careful not to let any of the pulp go through the strainer. Boil it to the consistency of molasses; then weigh it, and add as many pounds of crushed sugar, stirring it constantly till the sugar is dissolved. Add one ounce of extract of lemon to every twenty lbs. of jelly, and when cold, set it away in close jars. It will keep good for years. Those who have not made jelly in this way will do well to try it; they will find it superior to currant jelly.

COPPER PRESERVING VESSELS.—"It is well known," says Dr. Hassall, "that preserves made in copper vessels, are of a much better color than those boiled in iron ones—the latter soon becoming dark and discolored. This change of color results from the action of the sugar and acid of the fruit upon the iron, and the oxidation of the iron. Now these act equally on copper, with the difference that the presence of a small quantity of that metal does not affect injuriously the color of the preserves, in many cases even improving and heightening it; and this is the reason why copper vessels are so constantly employed in the preparation of preserves, and for many culinary purposes. Copper vessels are, however, very objectionable; and their use, in some instances, is even attended with considerable danger." From the ascertained effects of acids, the Doctor was led to suspect that copper might be detected in almost all preserves; and his anticipation was realized. The result of actual examination, however, far exceeded expectation; since it proved that preserves made in copper vessels, not only almost invariably contain copper, but that the metal is often present in very considerable quantities, sufficient to tint the ash of a deep pink, and to cause the solution of the ash, when treated with ammonia, to become of a decided, and sometimes of a deep blue color. But the still larger quantities of copper detected in certain samples of greengage jam, seem to show that, as was ascertained to be the case with bottled fruits and vegetables, some greening salt of copper, probably acetate, is really intentionally introduced for the purpose of creating an artificial green color. This was stronger in the jam: in a sample of bottled greengages, Dr. Hassall found only a very small quantity of copper; but in a sample of greengage jam, procured from the same firm as the bottled fruit, the Doctor found an amount of copper so considerable as to render it difficult to believe that it could all be derived from the vessel in which it was prepared.

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"The disclosures now made," says Dr. Hassall, "afford convincing proof how improper and even dangerous it is to make preserves, as is commonly done even by ordinary housekeepers, in copper saucepans. The vessels employed for this purpose should consist of earthenware, or, if metallic, should be lined with enamel."

COLD MEAT PUFFS.—Cut the meat into small, thin pieces, or mince them fine, and season with pepper and salt. If white meat, add a bit of lemon-peel, a blade of mace, or a grate of nutmeg. Mash very fine a pound and a half of cold boiled potatoes, and mix them with a spoonful or two of flour and an egg well beaten. Roll this out a proper thickness for the puffs, and cut this paste into squares. Put some of the meat, about two ounces, into each, double the paste over, and fasten the sides by pinching them. Fry them slowly in dripping, on both sides, a nice, clear brown.

CREAM SAUCE.—Put two yolks of eggs in the bottom of a stew-pan, with the juice of a lemon, a quarter of a tea-spoonful of salt, a little white pepper, and some fresh butter. Put it on a moderate fire, and stir it till the butter is melted and thickened with the eggs. [Take care that it does not become too hot; if so, the egg will curdle.] Then add half a pint of melted butter; stir together over the fire without permitting it to boil; pass it through a tammy into another stew-pan; when wanted, stir it over the fire until hot. This sauce may be served with any boiled fish.

TO REMOVE THE RANCIDITY OF BUTTER.—Wild recommends that the butter should be kneaded with fresh milk, and then with pure water. He states that, by this treatment, the butter is rendered as fresh and pure in flavor as when recently made. He ascribes this result to the fact, that butyric acid, to which the rancid odor and taste are owing, is readily soluble in fresh milk, and is then removed.

GUM ARABIC STARCH.—*To give shirt collars, and other linen articles, a glass-like look.*—Take two ounces of white gum arabic in fine powder. Put it into a jug, and pour over it about a pint or more of boiling water, according to the strength required. Cover, and let it stand all night. In the morning, pour it carefully off from the dregs into a clean bottle; cork it for use. A table-spoonful of gum-water stirred into a pint of starch, that has been made in the usual way, will give the lawns, either white, black, or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them, after washing. It is good for muslins, mousseline-de-laines, &c. This recipe should be in every house-keeper's album for use.

Editor's Department.

"MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS."

Such is the not altogether inappropriate designation given by some one to the present system of public school education, a system that develops unnaturally the brains of children, while it dwarfs the body, and exhausts the nervous system. There seems to be, among school directors, commissioners, etc., a total want of physiological information. Teachers and children are treated as so many machines, capable of producing certain results in a given time; and if the machinery gives out, in any case, the fact is attributed to original defect, and not to the over-working system they have so wisely (stupidly) established. We do not speak at random, when we say that the lives and health of thousands of young children are yearly destroyed in this country, by our boasted system of Common Schools. Let any one look over the long lessons, in the pile of books his son, not twelve years old, brings home every night from school, and make an effort to commit a fourth part of them to memory, and he will begin to comprehend something of the barbarity (it deserves the name,) to which the poor boy is subjected. It is bad enough to tax the undeveloped mental powers some five or six hours in a close school-room; but to require two or three hours' additional study out of school, is an outrage upon nature. Three hours a day in school, it has been urged, is fully sufficient, and we believe that, if during this period, the child's mind were kept active and interested, he would learn a great deal more than he does while his flagging energies are forced to unwilling application for double that period of time.

We are glad to see that this subject is attracting more and more attention daily. Reform is imperatively demanded, for destruction of health, intellect, and life itself, has gone on long enough.

A PATENT OF NOBILITY.

Some one proposes that, for her good deeds, Florence Nightingale be hereafter known to the world as Lady Florence Nightingale, the title to be awarded by the voice of the people, and not as the gift of a sovereign. Nature has her own nobility, and why withhold the title?—Among men, great deeds, as they are called, claim distinguishing titles; let woman have, through good deeds, her patent of nobility, and let the world acknowledge her claim.

JENNY BUSK.

A correspondent of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, writing from Leipsic, thus describes a young American girl, Miss Jenny Busk, who is now pursuing her musical studies at the *Conservatoire* in that city:—"She is still quite young,

being not over fifteen or sixteen, and is endowed with one of the finest, clearest, most bird-like voices I have heard, and of a compass beyond anything I ever heard. Three several times she sang clearly and distinctly *four octaves*, the last time ascending the scales through the whole twenty-nine notes! Here, then, is an organ of musical expression most rarely found, and one that must be dealt with most gently and carefully, especially just at this period of life. Accordingly, the mere practising of vocal exercises is made to be but a small part of her musical education.

"She is called upon to devote a good portion of her time to the study of Italian, German, etc.; a foundation is laid by bringing her into other classes in the Conservatory, so that when the time comes for devoting herself entirely to her vocal studies, she will have that culture, that artistic mental development, which will give soul to all that her astonishing voice shall execute. I have great hopes of this young Baltimore lady."

SHARP PRACTICE.

Under this title, a correspondent of "Notes and Queries," furnishes the annexed versified story, which he says has been in his family for years, in manuscript. He is not aware of its ever having been before in print:

"A lawyer quite famous for making a bill,
And who in good living delighted,
To dinner one day with a hearty good will
Was by a rich client invited.
But he charged six and eightpence for going to dine,
Which the client he paid, though no ninny;
An in turn charged the lawyer for dinner and wine,
One a crown, and the other a guinea.
But gossips, you know, have a saying in store,
He who matches a lawyer has only one more.
"The lawyer he paid it and took a receipt,
While the client stared at him with wonder,
With the produce he gave a magnificent treat,
But the lawyer soon made him knock under.
That his client sold wine, information he laid,
Without license, and, spite of his storming,
The client a good thumping penalty paid,
And the lawyer got half for informing.
But gossips, you know, have a saying in store,
He who matches a lawyer has only one more."

The story is not altogether new, if the verses are. A bit of practice quite as sharp took place a few years ago in Massachusetts, between a sheriff and a pedlar. The latter being caught selling goods without a license, forfeited them to the sheriff, who, not wishing to be burdened with troublesome articles, let the pedlar have them back at a nominal sum. The cunning trader demanded to see the sheriff's license to sell, and would not let him off until he paid roundly for his error.

NATURE'S MEANINGS.

A true poet is Lucy Larcum, with whose choice thoughts in prose as well as verse, our readers are well acquainted. From a fine poem, in a late number of the Crayon, entitled "The Death of June," we make a beautiful extract:—

"Nature hath meanings for the wise to guess.
The grass springs up like good thoughts in a mind
That loves and blesses all things, high and low.
The rose breathes out a passion and a beauty
Far sweeter than her bloom. And God foresaw
That man's best mood would be his lowliest one,
When his word shaped the lily of the vale.

"The universe is one great, loving thought,
Written in hieroglyphic light and bloom.
And we, in human faces, human forms,
When not o'ergrown and ruinous with sin,
May see the same love-spirit blossoming;
May feel an emanation from the life
Of one whose soul is closely knit with God's,
Like odors through the gate of Paradise
Again swung open to this outcast world.

"Creator! Father! thou art Nature's wealth!
Suns, blossoms, insects, worlds, and souls of men,
Draw life's deep joy from Thee, their treasury.
OR, like a beggar suddenly made rich,
I sink beneath the overpowering sense
Of Thee in all things. Sometimes 'tis the moon,
Orbed like an eye dilating with calm love,
That floods me with pale, silent waves of light.
Sometimes it is the mighty, shadowing hills
That crush me with a greatness not their own,
Or stars burn glory through me, living coals
On the heaped altar of the universe."

THE OLD FARM GATE.

This is one of those charming rural pictures which captivate the heart, and carry us back to the sunny days of childhood. A sweeter group has rarely been sketched.

PUFFS.

Eliza Cook has given a little history of "puffs," in which our lady readers will find something both curious and amusing:

"How many read, and oh, how many are written every day, and yet how few, either writers or readers, know whence comes the application of this word to the amplification of facts, people, and things. A puff, many years ago, in 1775, was the name of a certain kind of head-dress, consisting of hair drawn over a cushion, powdered and forming a sort of a platform on the top of the head. On this surface was placed a whole series of ornaments made to represent some known event in the life of the individual wearer. Some affection, nay, some secret passion, has been, by this means revealed to its object; family pride, vanity, self-love, might all be gratified by the construction of a head-dress. Thus advertised, the ladies went forth into the world, perfect living rebuses. Now, as every one naturally chose her most favorable points, it was, after looking at their pretty faces, quite interesting to read the little romances on their heads. To give an illustration of these puffs, we will quote one worn by the Duchess of Orleans at court, shortly after the birth of her son (afterwards Louis Philippe.) In the centre

of the platform on the top of the head was a nurse seated in an arm-chair, holding the new born infant, in most costly clothes, on her lap. On one side was a representation of a favorite parrot, pecking at a cherry, on a minute cherry-tree. To the left was a little negro page, in a fanciful dress, belonging to the Duchess's household. The portrait of the Duke, set in diamonds and surrounded with true lovers' braids of the Duchess's own hair, completed this little picture—a puff direct of her grace's conjugal and maternal affection. Some would carry on their heads little models of a house or estate they wanted to sell or mortgage; others would place in their hair old gloves, or faded bouquets, love-tokens understood only by one person, but which would set all the court dying of curiosity. If head puffs could supersede newspaper puffs, what strange anomalies should we not see."

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LAW.

Men inexperienced in such matters, appeal confidently to the law for settlement of questions which they fail to adjust with each other on equitable principles. A single experiment of the kind is usually enough to satisfy most persons, that the fairest promise has no certainty of fulfillment when it points to a court of justice (?). It is related of an eminent lawyer of this city, that, being consulted on an important case, and inquired of as to the prospect of a successful issue, should it be submitted for legal decision, he replied:—"It is impossible to say. I have myself argued the question on both sides, and in each instance gained my cause." A curious case of this kind recently occurred in England. A young woman was indicted for stealing: The counsel whom her solicitor had engaged having been unexpectedly called away, the brief properly endorsed, was put into the hands of another. He however mistook the matter, and supposing he was retained for the prosecution, he opened the case and skillfully examined the witnesses, so as to ensure a conviction.

On the court inquiring of the prisoner if she had any one to defend her, she mentioned the name of her solicitor, and the mistake was discovered. This of course led to some confusion on the part of the counsel, and excited a laugh against him. He however retained his self-possession, and having apologized for his mistake, he commenced pleading for the prisoner. He begged of the jury to take no notice of what he had before stated, and made out such a plausible defence, that the jury returned a verdict of acquittal.

POSTHUMOUS CHARITY.

The *Christian Advocate* has some just remarks on the error committed by so many wealthy men in providing by will for the execution of benevolent designs, instead of seeing them done while they are yet living:—"It is a matter alike of regret and surprise that wealthy individuals, who are benevolently disposed, do not more frequently prefer to make, while living, their own hands their own executors,

rather than leave the task to the uncertain performances of others, after they themselves are called away by death. How much good might have been done during life-time with the vast sums of money which in many cases of contested wills have been squandered in litigation, or misapplied to purposes never anticipated by the testator! There are perhaps few readers who cannot advert to cases of this kind within the compass of their own knowledge. And how much more durable are monuments of gratitude in *living hearts*, transmitted to posterity, than costly piles of marble erected in the vain attempt to immortalize fame. How many worthy and industrious individuals might be patronized and encouraged—how much suffering alleviated—how many widows and orphans comfortably provided for, by a wise application of funds in the hands of *living benefactors*. We will suppose an individual having at command for benevolent purposes, *one, ten, twenty, fifty, or one hundred thousand dollars*—were he with this sum to purchase or erect houses for families on the condition that when the yearly rent paid by each family had amounted to the sum expended in the purchase or erection of their home, they should be *free owners*. How great an amount of good might be done by a *living bequest* of simply the interest on a given sum for a stated time, at which time the principal would return to the donor, to be again employed on a similar mission, thus creating a kind of philanthropic *perpetual motion*: and so likewise of other benevolent objects. Will not some *living millionaires* take a lesson of wisdom from the *folly* of some who have departed?"

An English paper says:—At Nahant, a recent traveller in America saw a number of ladies bathing in brilliant attire, somewhat Eastern in its details, and he expatiates on the elegance of the scene when they emerged, with "countless pairs of little white feet, twinkling on the sand." An American, however, surpassed him in enthusiasm about these damsels, who, he said, "came down to breakfast after their bath, freshened up, looking as sweet and dewy as an *avalanche of roses*."

We find a good anecdote in the newspapers, and transfer it. A gentleman was once riding in Scotland by a bleaching-ground, where a poor woman was at work watering her webs of linen cloth. He asked her where she went to church, and what she had heard on the preceding day, and how much she remembered. She could not even tell the text of the sermon. "And what good can the preaching do you," said he, "if you forget it all?" "Ah, sir," replied the poor woman, "if you look at this web on the grass, you will see that as fast as ever I put water on it, the sun dries it all up; and yet, sir, *I see it gets whiter and whiter*."

The violet grows low, and covers itself with its own tears, and of all flowers yields the most delicious and fragrant smell. Such is humility.

THE only praise that ought to be relied on, comes from competent judges without temptation to flatter.

A SMILE, an expression, will tell a history: there are years of association in it, long years of memory and their shadows.

MUSICAL AFFAIRS.

The Pyne and Harrison troupe have been singing a most successful engagement at Niblo's, New York. Their good luck shows what may be done with English opera in this country. Our public love music, and it is all the more agreeable to them, when adapted to their own mother tongue.

The Academy of Music, in our city, is going ahead finely. It will be under cover, doubtless, by winter. Mr. Runge is superintending the architectural doings, while his partner, Mr. Le Brun, is, with his accomplished lady, enjoying himself, for a few months, on the continent of Europe. Mr. Le B. proposes returning here in December.

We have no concerts now in town, to warrant notice in this department. Bailey's Amphion Band play nightly at Parkinson's Gardens, and the music they make is of the very highest order. Bailey is an artist of great merit. His arrangements are very fine; indeed, as to effective instrumentation, he is a second Jullien. His band comprises some fifteen or twenty performers, all of whom, or nearly all of whom, are soloists. The Gardens will remain open until late in September, during which period our people may drink in repasts of delightful music nightly, if they choose. We would advise them to imbibe nothing stronger. If refreshments are wanted, there are delicious cakes, jellies, creams, &c., which Parkinson serves up in excellent style.

We hear of many musical enterprises, which are on the tapis for the fall and winter, but none of them are sufficiently matured to be published to the world through these pages. Mr. Rohr, an accomplished German, and some brother artists, are arranging a series of *soirees*, whereat classical instrumental and vocal music will be given. Their circulars are out, and should they receive a sufficient number of signers to justify a commencement of the *soirees*, they will be undertaken.

The Philharmonic Society was not very successful with its concerts last season. Something must be done to sustain this very creditable association. The managers cannot afford to get up costly concerts, and themselves "foot the bills." The public should turn out, and lend a helping hand to the Philharmonic. Let us all take care that the concerts, the coming season, shall be well encouraged,—aye, and with substantial tender, not mere words.

The new manager of the Italian opera, in New York, is Mr. Ullmann, a very clever, but unpopular man—particularly among artists. He was Sontag's agent, and acquired his fame as a manager thereby. A friend of ours well recol-

lects visiting him during his administration of her affairs. He found the little manager, though it was ten o'clock in the morning, still in bed; and was received by him with quite the air of an Emperor. Very soon after our friend's arrival, Ullmann arose and breakfasted. Says our friend—"I thought to myself, is this important little gentleman only the mere business man of an opera singer? He appears more like some distinguished diplomatic agent of some foreign court." Ullmann goes to Europe, we hear, to engage more talent, and will take under his wing the concerns of our own Academy in Philadelphia. On assuming the reigns at the New York Academy, he discharged a large number of the orchestra, and the consequence was, that he was way-laid by several of the offended gentlemen, and beaten badly in the street. It was cowardly in a crowd to attack so small an individual as Ullmann; and we were not surprised that he should have commenced a suit against them, as we learn he has done. What will be the result, remains to be seen. Brass and cut-gut, undoubtedly, will hold their own.

We add our usual musical gossip. Miss Lucy Escott, an American prima donna, has made her debut at Drury Lane, in "La Donna del Lago," (The Lady of the Lake.) The critic of the *News* says:—"Miss Lucy Escott, who performed the part of Elena, is an American lady, whose recent successes at several of the principal theatres in Italy, have been much spoken of. Her appearance is youthful and pleasing. Her figure is small, and somewhat slight, but very elegant; her features are delicate and feminine; and her voice, a high soprano, is remarkably clear and flexible, with that vibrating quality which conduces greatly to expression. Her intonation is beautifully true, and her execution and style are those of a highly accomplished artist. The manner in which she sang her first air, 'O matutini albori,' charmed the audience at once; and her whole performance, full of refinement, spirit and sensibility, was a continued triumph."—Verdi's new opera, "*Les Vepres Siciliennes*," continues to draw an unprecedented crowd, every evening, at the Grand Opera, in Paris. On Monday, the 25th June, the receipts were 10,400*f.*; Tuesday, 10,600*f.*; and Wednesday, 10,258*f.* There are several encores every evening, and the principal artists are generally recalled two or three times.—The London *Athenaeum* says:—"We are informed, that Signor and Madame Gassier have signed an engagement to accompany M. Julien to America."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

The excellent publishers, whose names appear on the imprint of this handsome octavo volume, have done the reading public a great favor in presenting to them so fascinating and time-honored a book, in such an attractive guise. The Arabian Nights! How forcibly are the hours of youthful reading brought before us; hours which were bathed in enchantment;

hours that flew away with velvet-shod smoothness! We dipped into the book again, on finding it on our table, and it was with difficulty—matured though we be, practical and matter-of-fact though we have become—that we could leave its pages. The translation is that of Mr. Edward Lane, while the book contains over one hundred engraving, by Van Ingen. It must have an immense sale.

PICTURES OF TRAVEL. Philadelphia: John Weik.

We have, in a neat volume (paper covered,) of some ninety-six pages, the commencement of Henry Heine's popular Pictures of Travel, translated by Mr. Charles G. Leland, a gentleman well known to the light literature walks of our country. "German literature is rich in quiet and genial poetry," truly says the publisher of the volume, and we are glad that he is presenting them by turns to the American public. Heine was the founder of a new school of poetry, and is probably the most brilliant writer of verse now living in Germany, though it must be confessed, that he has many affectations which are disagreeable. We doubt not the English translation of his works, commenced in the volume before us, will be received with marked favor. There are plenty of people in the world who fancy just such vagaries as Heine perpetrates; but we do not think there are many of them to be found among the readers of the *Home Magazine*.

FEMALE LIFE AMONG THE MORMONS. New York: J. C. Derby.

This book purports to give a narrative of Female Life among the Mormons, and was written by a woman who represents herself as the wife of a Mormon Elder, recently from Utah. She speaks hence from personal experience. There may be many truths in her statement, but we think there are more falsehoods. We consider the book is one which was made to sell—our readers know what that means. It is of a class not only injurious, but deeply injurious. We believe the practices of the Mormons, as well as their religion, to be of the worst kind; but what is the use of laying open all these sores of a demoralized organization to the reading world? If such books are published, we are determined not to recommend them. They familiarize the delicate mind of woman with events and incidents which they should shun. If the author of this book really underwent all she writes about, we think she put on the raiment of debasement and suffering quite deliberately. If deserving of sympathy, being a woman, she has ours to the full. We think we could point out, if we chose, page after page in the book, of the stupidest romancing; we prefer, however, to let it drop with what we have said.

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE, IN SUBURB AND COUNTRY. New York: Charles Scribner.

This is a useful and elegant architectural work, bearing upon country houses, as adapted to American climate and wants. It is from the pen of Gervase Wheeler, an architect of eminence, and the author of "*Rural Homes*." The book is embellished with one hundred original designs, and will be large sought after. There are times when nearly every body is disposed to settle down in suburban and country spots. Those of our readers who have the fever—and we think it a very reasonable one—and who design building after the tasteful conceits of our modern times, will do well to purchase this book. The typography is of a kind which we delight in, being large and clear. Spectacle-makers are greatly helped in their business by the book-makers of modern times. We take up a publication of times past, and turn over the leaves with a solid pleasure; rarely were they printed in any but the most refreshingly large type.



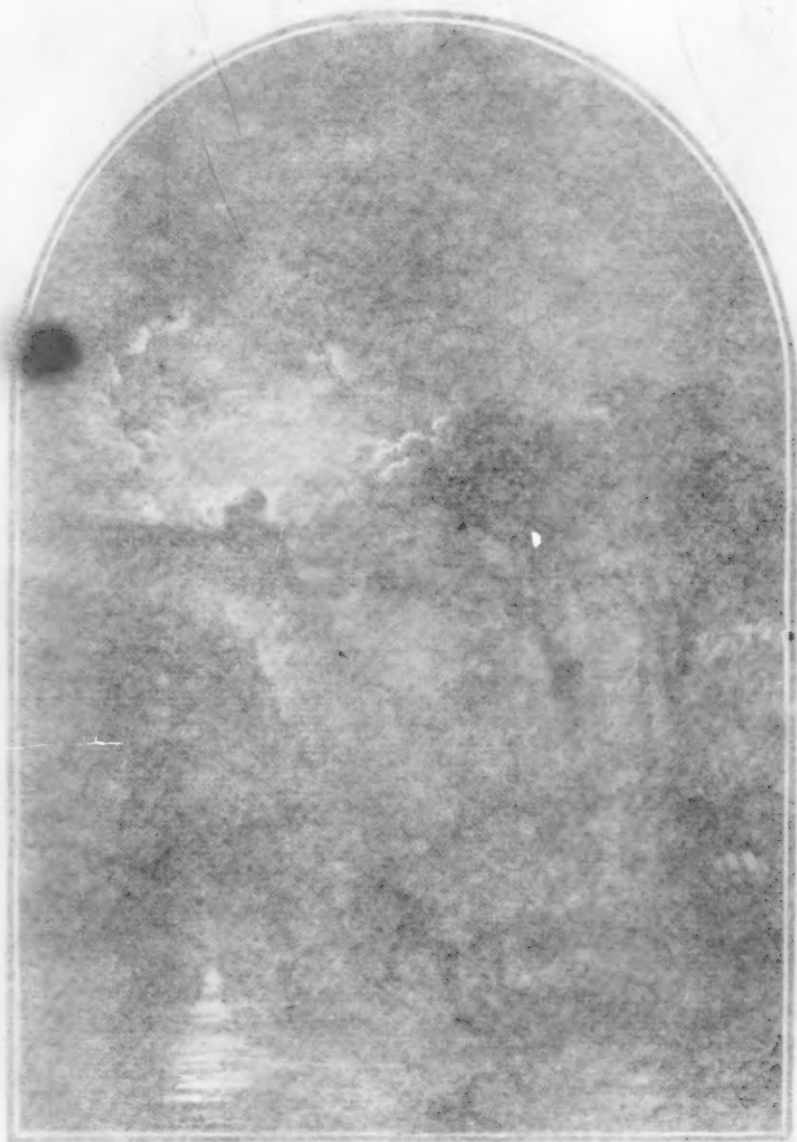


ST. BERNARD BY MOONLIGHT.



LADY WESTON.

[See page 227.]



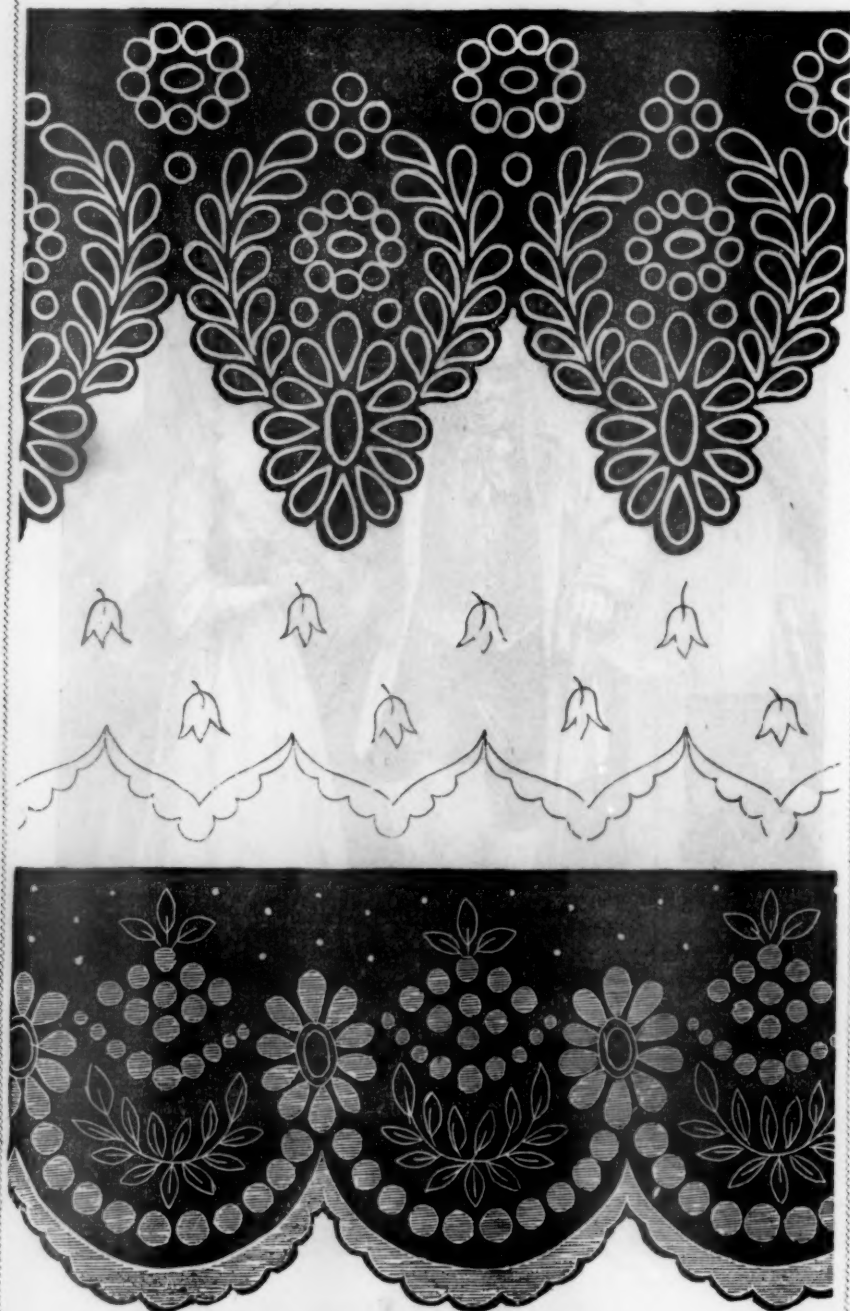
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JENNY WESTON.

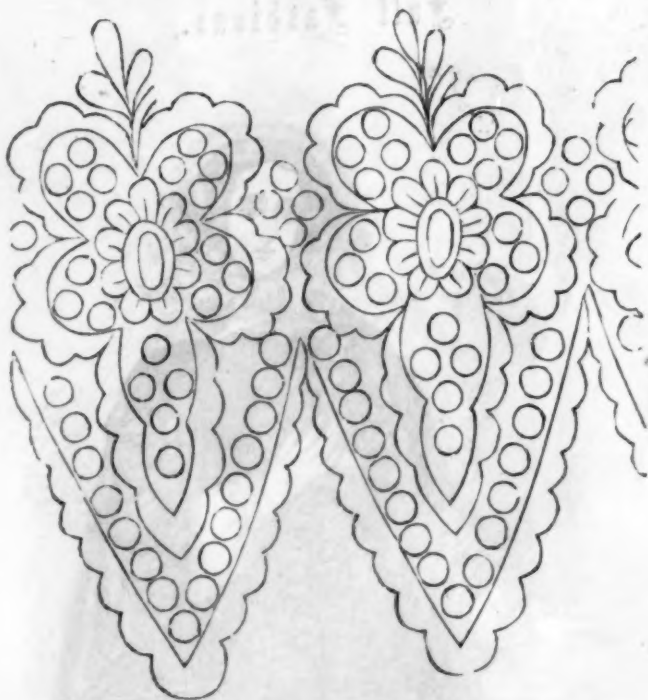
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Patterns for Needlework.

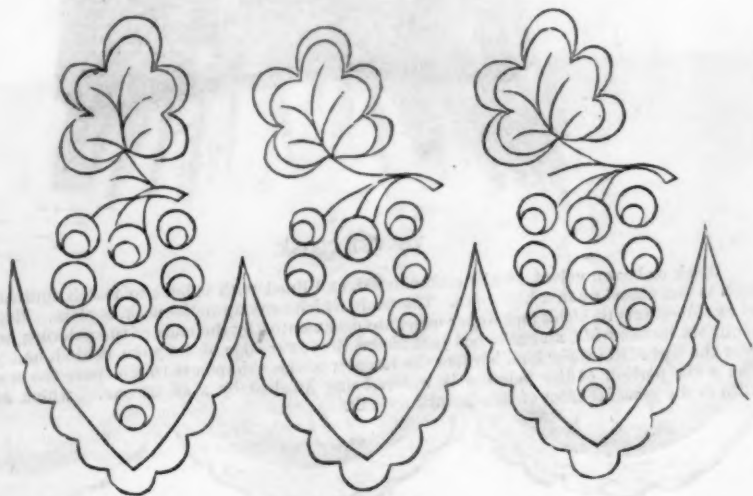


EMBROIDERY FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

Patterns for Needlework.



EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT.



FLOUNCING.

CAPS.



DOUBLE TALMA.



CHILD'S PARTY DRESS.



Set on a pointed yoke, with a collar falling from it. Trimmed with eight rows of narrow velvet, and a rich fringe.



White organdie; the skirt embroidered in three rows of open stars, of any color fancied; waist and sleeves trimmed with the same shade of satin ribbon, with rosettes to correspond.



EGYPTIAN VULTURES.

[See page 203.



HON. MRS. DAMER, THE SCULPTRESS.

[See page 208.